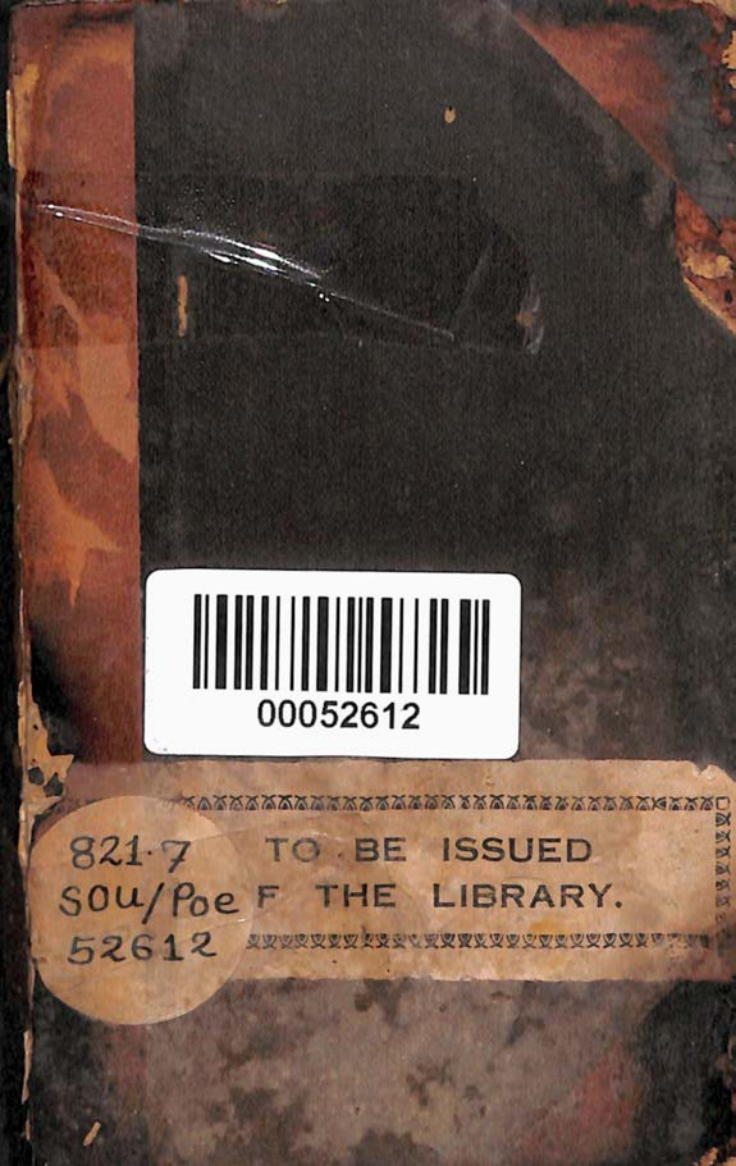
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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

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VOL. II.

JOAN OF ARC.

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CONTENTS.

Book VII. 1
Book VIII. 37
Book IX. 75
Book X. 99
Notes. 139
The Vision of the Maid of Orleans. 197
Notes 261

JOAN OF ARC.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

STRONG were the English forts, by daily toil
Of thousands rear'd on high, when arrogant
With hop'd-for conquest Salisbury bade rise
The mighty pile, from succour to include
Besieged Orleans. Round the city walls
Stretch'd the wide circle, massy as the fence
Erst by the fearful Roman on the bounds
Of Caledonia rais'd, when soul-enslav'd
Her hireling plunderers fear'd the car-borne chiefs
Who rush'd from Morven down.

Strong battlements
Crested the ample bulwark, on whose top
Secure the charioteer might wheel along.
The frequent buttress at just distance, rose

Declining from its base, and sixty forts
Lifted aloft their turret-crested heads,
All firm and massy. But of these most firm,
As tho' of some large castle each the keep,
Stood six square fortresses with turrets flank'd,
Piles of unequall'd strength, tho' now deem'd weak
'Gainst puissance more than mortal. Safely hence
The skilful archer, entering with his eye
The city, might, himself the while unseen,
Thro' the long opening shower his winged deaths.
Loire's waves diverted fill'd the deep-dug moat
Circling the pile, a bulwark vast, as what
Round their disheartened camp and stranded ships
The Greeks uprear'd, a common sepulchre
Of thousands slaughter'd, and the doom'd death-place
Of many a chief, when Priam's patriot son
Rush'd in his wrath and scatter'd their pale tribes.

But cowering now amid their sheltering forts
Tremble the invading host. Their leaders care

In anxious vigilance prepares to ward
Assault expected. Nor the Maid's intent
Did he not rightly areed; tho' vain his hope
To kindle in their breasts the wonted flame
Of valour; for by prodigies un ánn'd
They wait the morn. The soldiers pride was gone,
The blood was on their swords, their bucklers lay
Unburnish'd and defil'd, they sharpen'd not
Their blunted spears, the affrighted archer's hand
Relax'd not his bent bow. To them, confus'd
With fears of unknown danger the long night
Was dreadful, but more dreadful dawn'd the day.

The morning came. The martial Maid arose.
Lovely in arms she mov'd. Around the gate
Eager again for conquest throng the troops.
High tower'd the Son of Orleans, in his strength
Poising the ponderous spear. His batter'd shield,
Witnessing the fierce fray of yesternight,
Hung on his sinewy arm.

So as he spake approaching, cried the chief,
" Well hast thou prov'd thy mission, as, by words
" And miracles attested when dismay'd
" The stern theologists forgot their doubts,
" So in the field of slaughter now confirm'd.
" Yon well-fenced forts protect the fugitives,
" And seem as in their strength they mock'd our force.
" Yet must they fall."
" And fall they shall!" replied
The Maid of Orleans. " Ere the sun be set
" The lily on that shattered wall shall wave
" Triumphant.—Men of France! ye have fought well
" On yon blood-reeking plain. Your humbled foes
" Lurk trembling now amid their massy walls.
" Wolves that have ravaged the neglected flock!
" The Shepherd—the Great Shepherd is arisen!
" Ye fly! yet shall not ye by flight escape
" His vengeance. Men of Orleans! it were vain
" By words to waken wrath within your breasts.
" Look round! Your holy buildings and your homes—

" Ruins that choke the way! your populous town—
" One open sepulchre! who is there here
" That does not mourn a friend, a brother slain,
" A parent famish'd,.. or his dear lov'd wife
" Torn from his bosom .. outcast .. broken hearted..
" Cast on the mercy of mankind?"

She ceas'd;

The cry of indignation from the host
Burst forth, and all impatient for the war
Demand the signal. These Dunois arrays
In four battalions. Xaintrailles, tried in war,
Commands the first; Xaintrailles, who oft subdued
By adverse fortune to the captive chain,
Still more tremendous to the enemy,
Lifted his death-fraught lance, as erst from earth
Antæus vaunting in his giant bulk,
When graspt by force Herculean, down he fell
Vanquisht; anon uprose more fierce for war.

Gaucour o'er one presides, the steady friend

To long imprison'd Orleans; of his town
Beloved guardian, he the dreadful siege
Firmly abiding, prudent still to plan
Irruption, and with youthful vigour swift
To lead the battle, from his soldiers love
Prompter obedience gain'd, than ever fear
Forced from the heart reluctant.

The third band
Alençon leads. He on the fatal field
Verneuil, when Buchan and the Douglas died,
Fell senseless. Guiltless he of that day's loss,
Wore undisgraced awhile the captive chain.
The monarch him mindful of his high rank
Had ransom'd, once again to meet the foe
With better fortune.

O'er the last presides
Dunois the bastard, mighty in the war.
His prowess knew the foes, and his fair fame
Confess'd, since when before his stripling arm
Fled Warwick; Warwick, he whose fair renown

Greece knew and Antioch and the holy soil
Of Palestine, since there in arms he pass'd
On gallant pilgrimage; yet by Dunois
Baffled, and yielding him the conqueror's praise.
And by his side the martial maiden pass'd,
Lovely in arms as that Arcadian boy
Parthenopæus, when the war of beasts
Disdaining, he to murder man rush'd forth,
Bearing the bow, and those Dictæan shafts
Diana gave, when she the youth's fair form
Saw soften'd, and forgave the mother's fault.

Saint Loup's strong fort stood first. Here Gladdisdale
Commands the fearful troops.
As lowering clouds
Swept by the hoarse wind o'er the blacken'd plain,
Mov'd on the host of France: they from the fort,
Thro' secret opening, shower their pointed shafts,
Or from the battlements the death-tipt spear
Hurl fierce. Nor from the strong arm only launch'd

The javelin fled, but driven by the strain'd force
Of the balista, in one carcass spent
Stay'd not; thro' arms and men it makes its way,
And leaving death behind, still holds its course
By many a death unclogg'd. With rapid march
Right onward they advanced, and soon the shafts,
Impell'd by that strong stroke beyond the host,
Wasting their force, fell harmless. Now they reach'd
Where by the bayle's embattled wall in arms
The knights of England stood. There Poynings shook
His lance, and Gladdisdale his heavy mace
For the death-blow prepar'd. Alençon here,
And here the Bastard stode, and by the Maid,
That daring man who to the English host
Then insolent of many a conquest gain'd,
Bore her bold bidding. A rude coat of mail
Unhos'd, unhooded, as of lowly line
Arm'd him, tho' here amid the high-born chiefs
Pre-eminent for prowess. On his head
A black plume shadow'd the rude-featur'd helm.

Then was the war of men, when front to front
They rear'd the hostile hand, for low the wall
Where the bold Frenchman's upward-driven spear
Might pierce the foemen.
As Alençon mov'd,
On his crown-crested helm with ponderous blow
Fell Gladdisdale's huge mace. Back he recoil'd
Astounded; soon recovering, his keen lance
Thrust on the warrior's shield: there fast-infix'd,
Nor could Alençon the deep driven spear
Recover, nor the foeman from his grasp
Wrench the contended weapon. Fierce again
He lifts the mace, that on the ashen hilt
Fell full; it shiver'd, and the Frenchman held
A pointless truncheon. Where the Bastard fought
The spear of Poynings, thro' his plated mail
Pierced, and against the iron fence beneath
Blunted its point. Again he speeds the spear;
At once Dunois on his broad buckler bears
The unharming stroke, and aims with better fate

His javelin. Thro' his sword-arm did it pierce
Maugre the mail. Hot from the streaming wound
Again the weapon fell, and in his breast
Even thro' the hauberk drove.

But there the war
Raged fiercest where the martial Maiden mov'd
The minister of wrath; for thither throng'd
The bravest champions of the adverse host.
And on her either side two warriors stood
Of unmatch'd prowess, still with eager eye
Shielding her form, and aiming at her foes
Their deadly weapons, of themselves the while
Little regarding. One was that bold man
Who bade defiance to the English chiefs.
Firmly he stood, untir'd and undismay'd,
Tho' on his burgonet the frequent spear
Drove fierce, and on his arm the buckler hung
Heavy, thick-bristled with the hostile shafts,
Even like the porcupine when in his rage
Rous'd, he collects within him all his force,

Himself a quiver. And of loftier port
On the other hand tower'd Conrade. Firmly fenced,
A jazerent of double mail he wore,
Beneath whose weight one but of common strength
Had sunk. Untir'd the conflict he endur'd,
Wielding a battle-axe ponderous and keen,
Which gave no second stroke; for where it fell,
Not the strong buckler nor the plated mail
Might save, nor crested casque. On Molyn's head,
As at the Maid he aim'd his javelin,
Forceful it fell, and shiver'd with the blow
The iron helm, and to his brain-pan drove
The fragments. At their comrades death amaz'd,
And for a moment fearful, shrunk the foes.
That instant Conrade, with an active bound,
Sprung on the battlements; there firm he stood,
Guarding ascent. The herald and the Maid
Follow'd, and soon the exulting cry of France
Along the lists was heard, as waved aloft
The holy banner. Gladdisdale beheld,

And hasting from his well-defended post
Sped to the fiercer conflict. To the Maid
He strode, on her resolv'd to wreak his rage,
With her to end the war. Nor did not *JOAN*
Areed his purpose: lifting up her shield
Prepar'd she stood, and pois'd her sparkling spear.
The English chief came on; he rais'd his mace;
With circling force, the iron weight swung high,
As Gladdisdale with his collected might
Drove the full blow. The man of lowly line
That instant rush'd between, and rear'd his shield
And met the broken blow, and thrust his lance
Fierce thro' the gorget of the English knight.
A gallant man, of no ignoble line,
Was Gladdisdale. His sires had liv'd in peace,
They heap'd the hospitable hearth, they spread
The feast, their vassals lov'd them, and afar
The traveller told their fame. In peace they died;
For them the venerable fathers pour'd
A requiem when they slept, and o'er them rais'd

The sculptur'd monument. Now far away
Their offspring falls, the last of all his race,
Slain in a foreign land, and doom'd to share
The common grave.
Then terror seiz'd the host,
Their chieftain dead. And lo! where on the wall,
Bulwark'd of late by Gladdisdale so well,
The son of Orleans stood, and sway'd around
His falchion, keeping thus at bay the foe,
Till on the battlements his comrade sprang,
And rais'd the shout of conquest. Then appall'd
The English fled: nor fled they unpursued,
For mingling with the foremost fugitives,
The gallant Conrade rush'd; and with the throng
The knights of France together o'er the bridge
Rush'd forward. Nor the garrison within
Durst let the ponderous portcullis fall,
For in the entrance of the fort the fight
Raged fiercely, and together thro' the gate
The vanquish'd English and their eager foes

Pass'd in the flying conflict.

Well I deem
And wisely did that daring Spaniard act
At Vera-Cruz, when he his yet sound ships
Dismantling, left no spot where treacherous fear
Might still with wild and wistful eye look back.
For knowing no retreat, his desperate troops
In conquest sought their safety; victors hence
At Tlascala, and o'er the Cholulans,
And by Otompan, on that bloody field
When Mexico her patriot thousands pour'd,
Fierce in vain valour on their dreadful foes.
There was a portal to the English fort
Which open'd on the wall; a speedier path
In the hour of safety, whence the charmed eye
Might linger down the river's pleasant course.
Fierce in the gate-way raged the deadly war;
For there the Maiden strove, and Conrade there,
And he of lowly line, bravelier than whom
Fought not in that day's battle. Of success

Desperate, for from above the garrison
Could wield no arms, so certain to bestow
Equal destruction, of the portal's aid
The foe bethought them: then with lesser force
Their weapons fell; abandon'd was the gate;
And soon from Orleans the glad citizens
Beheld the hallow'd banner on the tower
Triumphant. Swift along the lofty wall
The English haste to St. John's neighbouring fort,
Flying with fearful speed. Nor from pursuit
The victors ceas'd, but with the fugitives
Mingled and waged the war: the combatants,
Lock'd in the hostile grasp, together fall
Precipitate.

But foremost of the French,
Dealing destruction, Conrade rush'd along;
Heedless of danger, he to the near fort
Pass'd in the fight; nor did not then the chief
What most might serve bethink him: firm he stood
In the portal, and one moment looking back

Lifted his loud voice: thrice the warrior cried,
Then to the war addrest him, now assail'd
By numerous foes, who arrogant of power
Threaten'd his single valour. He the while
Stood firm, not vainly confident, or rash,
But of his own strength conscious, and the post
Friendly; for narrow was the portal way,
To one alone fit passage, from above
O'erbrow'd by no out-jutting parapet,
Whence death might crush him. He in double mail
Was arm'd; a massy burgonet, well tried
In many a hard-fought field, helming his head;
A buckler broad, and fenced with iron plates,
Bulwark'd his breast. Nor to dislodge the chief
Could the English pour their numbers, for the way
By upward steps presented from the fort
Narrow ascent, where one alone could meet
The war. Yet were they of their numbers proud,
Tho' useless numbers were in that strait path,
Save by assault unceasing to out-last

A single warrior, who at length must sink
Fatigued with conqnering, by long victory
Vanquish'd.
There was amid the garrison
A fearless knight who at Verneuil had fought,
And high renown for his bold chivalry
Acquir'd in that day's conquest. To his fame
The thronging English yield the foremost place,
He his long javelin to transpierce the Frank
Thrust forceful: harmless in his shield it fix'd,
Advantaging the foe; for Conrade lifts
The battle-axe, and smote upon the lance,
And hurl'd its sever'd point with mighty arm
Fierce on the foe. With wary bend the foe
Shrunk from the flying death; yet not in vain
From that strong hand the fate-fraught weapon fled:
Full on the corselet of a meaner man
It fell, and pierced, there where the heaving lungs
In vital play distended, to the heart
Roll back their brighten'd tide: from the deep wound

The red blood gush'd: prone on the steps he fell,
And in the strong convulsive grasp of death
Grasp'd his long pike. Of unrecorded name
The soldier died; yet did he leave behind
One who did never say her daily prayers
Of him forgetful; who to every tale
Of the distant war, lending an eager ear,
Grew pale and trembled. At her cottage door
The wretched one shall sit, and with dim eye
Gaze o'er the plain, where on his parting steps
Her last look hung. Nor ever shall she know
Her husband dead, but tortur'd with vain hope
Gaze on, . . then heart-sick turn to her poor babe,
And weep it fatherless!

The exasperate knight
Drew his keen falchion, and with dauntless step
Mov'd to the closer conflict. Then the Frank
Held forth his buckler, and his battle-axe
Uplifted. Where the buckler was below
Rounded, the falchion struck, but impotent

To pierce its plated folds; more forceful driven,
Fierce on his crested helm, the Frenchman's stroke
Fell; the helm shiver'd; from his eyes the blood
Started; with blood the chambers of the brain
Were fill'd; his breast-plate with convulsive throes
Heav'd as he fell. Victorious, he the prize
At many a tournament had borne away
In mimic war: happy, if so content
With bloodless glory, he had never left
The mansion of his sires.

But terrified
The English stood, nor durst adventure now
Near that death-doing man. Amid their host
Was one who well could from the stubborn bow
Shower his sharp shafts: well skill'd in wood-craft he,
Even as the merry outlaws who their haunts
In Sherwood held, and bade their bugles rouse
The sleeping stag, ere on the web-woven grass
The dew-drops sparkled to the rising sun.
He safe in distance at the warrior aim'd

The feather'd dart; with force he drew the bow;
Loud on his bracer struck the sounding string;
And swift and strong the well-winged arrow flew.
Deep in his shield it hung; then Conrade rais'd
Again his echoing voice, and call'd for aid,
Nor was the call unheard; the troops of France,
From St. Loup's captur'd fort along the wall
Haste to the portal; cheering was the sound
Of their near footsteps to the chief; he drew
His falchion forth, and down the steps he rush'd.
Then terror seized the English, for their foes
Swarm'd thro' the open portal, and the sword
Of Conrade was among them. Not more fierce
The injur'd Turnus swayed his angry arm,
Slaughtering the robber fugitives of Troy;
Nor with more fury thro' the streets of Paris
Rush'd the fierce king of Sarza, Rodomont,
Clad in his dragon mail.

Like some tall rock,
Around whose billow-beaten foot the waves

Waste their wild fury, stood the unshaken man;
Tho' round him prest his foemen, by despair
Hearten'd. He, mowing thro' the throng his path,
Call'd on the troops of France, and bade them haste
Where he should lead the way. A daring band
Follow'd the adventurous chieftain; he moved on
Unterrified, amid the arrowy shower,
Tho' on his shield and helm the darts fell fast,
As the sear'd leaves that from the trembling tree
The autumnal whirlwind shakes.
Nor Conrade paus'd,
Still thro' the fierce fight urging on his way,
Till to the gate he came, and with strong hand
Seiz'd on the massy bolts. These as he drew,
Full on his helm the weighty English sword
Descended; swift he turn'd to wreak his wrath,
When lo! the assailant gasping on the ground,
Cleft by the Maiden's falchion: 'she herself
To the foe opposing with that lowly man,
For they alone following the adventurous steps

Of Conrade, still had equall'd his bold course,
Shielded him as with eager hand he drew
The bolts: the gate turn'd slow: forth leapt the chief,
And shiver'd with his battle-axe the chains
That hung on high the bridge. The impetuous troops,
By Gaucour led, rush'd o'er to victory.

The banner'd lilies on the captur'd wall
Toss'd to the wind. "On to the neighbouring fort!"
Cried Conrade, "Xaintrailles! ere the night draws on
"Once more to conquest lead the troops of France!
"Force ye the lists, and fill the deep-dug moat,
"And with the ram shake down their batter'd walls.
"Anon I shall be with you." Thus he said;
Then to the damsel. "Maid of Arc! awhile
"Cease we from battle, and by short repose
"Renew our strength." So saying he his helm
Unlaced, and in the Loire's near flowing stream
Cool'd his hot face. The Maid her head unhelm'd,
And stooping to the stream, reflected there

Saw her white plumage stain'd with human blood!
Shuddering she saw, but soon her steady soul
Collected: on the banks she laid her down,
Freely awhile respiring, for her breath
Quick panted from the fight: silent they lay,
For gratefully the cooling breezes bath'd
Their throbbing temples.

It was now the noon:
The sun-beams on the gently-waving stream
Danced sparkling. Lost in thought the warrior lay,
Then as his countenance relax'd he cried,
" Maiden of Arc! at such an hour as this,
" Beneath the o'er-arching forest's chequer'd shade,
" With that lost woman have I wandered on,
" Talking of years of happiness to come!
" Oh, hours for ever fled! delightful dreams
" Of the unsuspecting heart! I do believe
" If Agnes on a worthier one had fix'd
" Her love, that tho' my heart had nurst till death
" Its sorrows, I had never on her choice

" Pour'd one upbraiding....but to stoop to him!
" A harlot!..an adulteress!"
In his eye
Red anger flash'd; anon of what she was
Ere yet the foul pollution of the court
Stain'd her fair fame, he thought. "Oh, happy age!"
He cried, " when all the family of man
" Freely enjoy'd their goodly heritage,
" And only bow'd the knee in prayer to God!
" Calm flow'd the unruffled stream of years along,
" Till o'er the peaceful rustic's head the hair
" Grew grey in full of time. Then he would sit
" Beneath the coetaneous oak, while round,
" Sons, grandsons and their offspring join'd to form
" The blameless merriment; and learnt of him
" What time to yoke the oxen to the plow,
" What hollow moanings of the western wind
" Foretel the storm, and in what lurid clouds
" The embryo lightning lies. Well pleas'd, he taught,
" The heart-smile glowing on his aged cheek,

" Mild as the summer sun's decaying light.
" Thus quietly the stream of life flow'd on,
" Till in the shoreless ocean lost at length.
" Around the bed of death his numerous race
" Listen'd, in no unprofitable grief,
" His last advice, and caught his latest sigh:
" And when he died, as he had fallen asleep,
" Beneath the aged tree that grew with him
" They delv'd the narrow house: there oft at eve
" Drew round their children of the after days,
" And pointing to the turf, told how he liv'd,
" And taught by his example how to die.
" Maiden! and such the evening of my days
" Fondly I hop'd; and would that I had liv'd
" In those old times, or till some better age
" Slumber'd unborn; for this is a hard race,
" An evil generation; nor by day
" Nor in the night have respite from their cares
" And wretchedness. But I shall be at rest
" Soon, in that better world of peace and love

" Where evil is not: in that better world
" *JOAN!* we shall meet, and he too will be there,
" Thy Theodore."
Sooth'd by his words, the Maid
Had listen'd sadly, till at that lov'd name
She wept. " Nay, Maid!" he cried, " I did not think
" To wake a tear; . . . yet pleasant is thy grief!
" Thou know'st not what it is, around thy heart
" To have a false one wreath in viper folds.
" But to the battle! in the clang of arms,
" We win forgetfulness."
Then from the bank
He sprung, and helm'd his head. The Maid arose,
Bidding awhile adieu to milder thoughts.
On to the fort they speed, whose name recall'd
England's proud capital to the English host,
Now half subdued, anticipating death,
And vainly wishing they from her white cliffs
Had never spread the sail. Cold terror creeps
Thro' every vein: already they turn back

Their eager eyes to meditate the flight,
Tho' Talbot there presided, with their chief,
The dauntless Salisbury.
" Soldiers tried in arms!"
Thus, in vain hope to renovate the strength
Of England, spake the chief, " Victorious friends,
" So oft victorious in the hard-fought fight,
" What!... shrink ye now dismay'd? have ye forgot
" The plains of Agincourt, when vanquish'd France
" Fled with her thousands from your fathers' arms?
" Have ye forgotten how our English swords,
" On that illustrious day before Verneuil,
" Cut down the flower of all their chivalry?
" Then was that noble heart of Douglas pierced,
" Bold Buchan bit the earth, and Narbonne died,
" And this Alençon, boaster as he is,
" Cried mercy to his conqueror. Shall I speak
" Of our victorious banner on the walls
" Of Yenville and Baugenci triumphing:
" And of that later hour of victory

" When Clermont and the Bastard plied their spurs?
" Shame! shame! that beaten boy is here in arms,
" And ye will fly before the fugitives, . . .
" Fly from a woman! from a frantic girl!
" Who with her empty mummeries tries to blast
" Your courage; or if miracles she brings,
" Aid of the devil! who is there among you
" False to his country, . . to his former fame, . .
" To your old leader who so many a time
" Hath led ye on to glory?"

From the host
A heartless shout arose; then Talbot's cheek
Grew red with indignation. " Earl!" said he,
Addressing Salisbury: " there is no hope
" From these white-liver'd dastards; and this fort
" Will fall an easy conquest: we must out
" And gain the Tournelles, better fortified,
" Fit to endure long siege: the hope in view
" To reach a safer fortress, these our troops
" Will better bide the conflict."

So he spake,
Wisely advising. Him the chief replied:
" Well hast thou said: and, Talbot, if our swords
" Could thro' the thickest ranks this sorceress reach;
" The hopes of France were blasted. I have fought
" In many a field, yet never to a foe
" Stoop'd my proud crest: nor difficult to meet
" This wizard girl, for from the battlements,
" I have beheld her foremost in attack,
" Playing right valiantly the soldier's part;
" Yet shall not all her witcheries avail
" To blunt my good sword's edge."
Thus commun'd they,
And thro' the host the gladdening tidings ran,
That they should seek the Tournelles. Then their hearts
Gather'd new strength, placing on those strong walls
Dependence; empty hope! nor the strong wall,
Nor the deep moat can save, if fear within
Palsy the soldier's arm!

Them issuing forth,
As from the river's banks they past along,
The Maid beheld! "Lo! Conrade!" she exclaim'd,
"The foes advance to meet us..look! they lower
"The bridge! and now they rush upon the troops:..
"A gallant onset! Dost thou mark the man
"Who all the day has by our side endur'd
"The hottest conflict? I did then behold
"His force, and wonder: now his deeds of death
"Make all the actions of the former fight
"Seem as of no account: knowest thou him?
"There is not one amid the host of France,
"Of fairer promise."
"He," the chief replied,
"Wretched and prodigal of life, achieves
"The exploits of despair: a gallant youth,
"Widow'd like me of hope, and but for whom
"I had been seen among mankind no more.
"Maiden! with me thy comrade in the war,
"His arm is vow'd to heaven. Lo! where he stands

" Bearing the battle's brunt in unmov'd strength,
" Firm as the mountain, round whose misty head
" The unharming tempest breaks!"

Nor paus'd they now
In farther converse, to the perilous fray
Speeding, not unobserv'd; for Salisbury saw
And call'd on Talbot. Six, the bravest knights
And sworn with them, against the virgin's life
Bent their fierce course. She by the herald's side
Now urged the war, when on her white plum'd helm
The hostile falchion fell. On high she lifts
Her hallowed sword, the tenant of the tomb,
And drench'd it in his bosom. Conrade's blow
Fell on another, and the ponderous axe
Shatter'd his brain. With Talbot's giant force
The daring herald urged unequal fight;
For like some oak that firm with deep-fix'd roots
Defies the storm, the undaunted earl endur'd
His rude assault. Warding with wary eye
The angry sword, the Frank around his foe

Wheels rapid, flashing his keen weapon fast;
Now as he marks the earl's descending stroke
Bending, anon more fierce in swift attack.
Ill-fated man! one deed of glory more
Shall with the short-lived lightning's splendor grace
This thy death-day; for SLAUGHTER even now
Stands o'er the loom of life, and lifts his sword.

Upon her shield the martial Maiden bore
An English warrior's blow, and in his side
Pierced him: that instant Salisbury sped his sword
Which glancing from her helm fell on the folds
That arm'd her neck, and making there its way,
Stain'd with her blood its edge. The herald saw,
He saw her red blood gushing from the wound,
And turn'd from Talbot heedless of himself,
And lifting up his falchion, all his force
Concenter'd. On the breast of Salisbury
It fell, and pierced his mail, and thro' the plate
Beneath drove fierce, and in his heart's-blood plunged.

Lo! as he struck the strength of Talbot came:
Full on his treacherous helm he smote: it burst,
And the stern earl against his fenceless head
Drives with strong arm the murderous sword. She saw,
Nor could the Maiden save her Theodore.

Conrade beheld, and from his vanquish'd foe
Strode terrible in vengeance. Front to front
They stood, and each for the death-blow prepar'd
His angry might. At once their weapons fell,
The Frank's huge battle-axe, and the keen sword
Of Talbot. He, stunn'd by the weighty blow,
Sunk senseless; by his followers from the field
Convey'd with fearful speed: nor did his stroke
Fall vainly on the Frenchman's crested helm,
Tho' weak to wound; for from his eyes the fire
Sparkled, and back recoiling with the blow,
He in the Maiden's arms astounded fell.

But now their troops all captainless confus'd,
Fear seiz'd the English. Not with more dismay
When over wild Caffraria's wooded hills,
Echoes the lion's roar, the timid herd
Fly the death-boding sound. The forts they seek,
Now reckless which, so from that battle's rage
A present refuge. On their flying ranks
The victors press, and mark their course with blood.

But loud the trumpet of retreat resounds,
For now the westering sun with many a hue
Streak'd the gay clouds.
" Dunois!" the Maiden cried,
" Form we around yon stronger pile the siege,
" There for the night encamping." So she said.
The chief to Orleans for their needful food,
And enginery to batter that huge pile,
Dismiss'd a troop, and round the Tournelles led
The host beleagering. There they pitch their tents,

And plant their engines for the morrow's war,
Then to their meal, and o'er the cheerful bowl
Recount the tale of danger; soon to rest
Betaking them, for now the night drew on.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Now was the noon of night; and all was still,
Save where the centinel paced on his rounds
Humming a broken song. Along the camp
High flames the frequent fire. The warrior Franks,
On the hard earth extended, rest their limbs
Fatigued, their spears lay by them, and the shield
Pillow'd the helmed head: secure they slept,
And busy fancy in her dream renewed
The fight of yesterday.

But not to *JOAN*,
But not to her, most wretched, came thy aid,
Soother of sorrows, Sleep! no more her pulse,
Amid the battle's tumult throbbing fast,
Allow'd no pause for thought. With clasped hands

And fixed eye she sat, the while around
The spectres of the days departed rose,
A melancholy train! upon the gale
The raven's croak was heard; she started up,
And passing thro' the camp with hasty step
Strode to the field of blood.
The night was calm;
Nor ever clearer welkin canopied
Chaldea, while the watchful shepherd's eye
Survey'd the host of heaven, and mark'd them rise
Successive, and successively decay,
Lost in the stream of light, as lesser springs
Amid Euphrates' current. The high wall
Cast a deep shadow, and her faltering feet
Stumbled o'er broken arms and carcasses;
And sometimes did she hear the heavy groan
Of one yet struggling in the pangs of death.
She reach'd the spot where Theodore had fall'n,
Before fort London's gate; but vainly there
Sought she the youth, on every clay-cold face

Gazing with such a look as tho' she fear'd
The thing she sought. Amazement seiz'd the Maid,
For there the victim of his vengeful arm,
Known by the buckler's blazon'd heraldry,
Salisbury lay dead. So as the virgin stood
Gazing around the plain, she mark'd a man
Pass slowly on, as burthened. Him to aid
She sped, and soon with unencumber'd speed
O'ertaking, thus bespake: " Stranger! this weight
" Impedes thy progress. Dost thou bear away
" Some slaughter'd friend? or lives the sufferer
" With many a sore wound gush'd? oh! if he lives,
" I will with earnest prayer petition heaven
" To shed its healing on him!"

So she said,
And as she spake stretch'd forth her careful hands
To ease the burthen. " Warrior!" he replied,
" Thanks for thy proffer'd aim: but he hath ceas'd
" To suffer, and my strength may well suffice
" To bear him to the sepulchre. Farewell!

" The night is far advanced; thou to the camp
" Return: it fits not darkling thus to stray."

" Conrade!" the Maid exclaim'd, for well she knew
His voice: ...with that she fell upon his neck
And cried, " my Theodore!...but wherefore thus
" Thro' the dead midnight dost thou bear his corse?"

" Peace, Maiden!" Conrade cried, " collect thy soul!
" He is but gone before thee to that world
" Whither thou soon must follow! in the morn,
" Ere yet from Orleans to the war we went,
" He pour'd his tale of sorrow on mine ear.
" Lo, Conrade, where she moves! beloved Maid!
" Devoted for the realm of France she goes
" Abandoning for this the joys of life,
" Yea..life itself! yet on my heart her words
" Vibrate. If she must perish in the war,
" I will not live to bear the dreadful thought,
" That I perchance had saved her. I will go

" Her unknown guardian. Conrade, if I fall, . .
" And trust me I have little love of life, . .
" Do thou in secret bear me from the field,
" Lest haply I might meet her wandering eye
" A mangled corpse. She must not know my fate.
" Do this last act of friendship, and in the flood
" Whelm me: so shall she think of Theodore
" Without a pang." Maiden, I vow'd with him
" That I would dare the battle by thy side,
" And shield thee in the war. And now I hop'd
" Thou hadst not seen his fall."

As thus he spake,
He on the earth the clay-cold carcass laid.
With steady eye the wretched Maiden view'd
The life-left tenement: his batter'd arms
Were with the night-dews damp; his brown hair clung
Gore-clotted in the wound, and one loose lock
Play'd o'er his cheeks black paleness. " Gallant youth!"
She cried, " I would to God the hour were come

" When I might meet thee in the bowers of bliss!
" No, Theodore! the sport of winds and waves,
" Thy body shall not roll adown the stream,
" The sea-wolf's banquet. Conrade, bear with me
" The corpse to Orleans, there in hallowed ground
" To rest; the priest shall say the sacred prayer,
" And hymn the requiem to his parted soul.
" So shall not Elinor in bitterness
" Lament that no dear friend to her dead child
" Paid the last office."

From the earth they lift
The mournful burden, and along the plain
Pass with slow footsteps to the city gate.
The obedient centinel at Conrade's voice
Admits the midnight travellers; on they pass,
Till in the neighbouring abbey's porch arrived
They rest the lifeless load.

Loud rings the bell;
The awakened porter turns the heavy door.
To him the virgin! " Father, from the slain

" On yonder reeking field a dear-lov'd friend
" I bring to holy sepulture: chaunt ye
" The requiem to his soul: to-morrow eve
" Will I return, and in the narrow house
" Behold him laid to rest." The father knew
The mission'd Maid, and humbly bow'd assent.

Now from the city, o'er the shadowy plain,
Backward they bend their way. From silent thoughts
The Maid awakening cried, " There was a time,
" When thinking on my closing hour of life,
" Tho' with resolved mind, some natural fears
" Shook the weak frame: but now the happy hour,
" When my emancipated soul shall burst
" The cumberous fetters of mortality,
" Wishful I contemplate. Conrade! my friend,
" My wounded heart would feel another pang
" Should'st thou forsake me!"
"*JOAN!*" the chief replied,
" Along the weary pilgrimage of life
" Together will we journey, and beguile

" The dreary road, telling with what gay hopes
" We in the morning eyed the pleasant fields
" Vision'd before; then wish that we had reach'd
" The bower of rest!"
Thus communing they gain'd
The camp, yet hush'd in sleep; there separating,
Each in the post allotted, restless waits
The day-break.
Morning came: dim thro' the shade
The first rays glimmer; soon the brightening clouds
Drink the rich beam, and o'er the landscape spread
The dewy light. The soldiers from the earth
Leap up invigorate, and each his food
Receives, impatient to renew the war.
Dunois his javelin to the Tournelles points,
" Soldiers of France! behold your foes are there!"
As when a band of hunters, round the den
Of some wood-monster, point their spears, elate
In hope of conquest and the future feast;
When on the hospitable board their spoil

Shall smoke, and they, as the rich bowl goes rouud,
Tell to their guests their exploits in the chace;
They with their shouts of exultation make
The forest ring; so elevate of heart,
With such loud clamours for the fierce assault
The French prepare. Nor, guarding now the lists
Durst the disheartened English man to man
Meet the close conflict. From the barbican,
Or from the embattled wall they their yeugh bows
Bent forceful, and their death-fraught enginery
Discharged; nor did the Gallic archers cease
With well-directed shafts their loftier foes
To assail: behind the guardian pavais fenced,
They at the battlements their arrows aim'd,
Showering an iron storm, whilst o'er the bayle,
The bayle now levell'd by victorous France,
Pass'd the bold troops with all their mangonels;
Or tortoises, beneath whose roofing safe,
They, filling the deep moat, might for the towers
Make fit foundation, or with petraries,

War-wolfs, and beugles, and that murderous sling
The matafund, from whence the ponderous stone
Fled fierce, and made one wound of whom it struck,
Shattering the frame so that no pious hand
Gathering his mangled limbs might him convey
To where his fathers slept: a dreadful train
Prepar'd by Salisbury over the town besieged
To hurl its ruin; but that dreadful train
Must hurl its ruin on the invaders head,
Such retribution righteous heaven decreed.

Nor lie the English trembling, for the fort
Was ably garrison'd. Glacidas, the chief,
A gallant man, sped on from place to place
Cheering the brave; or if the archer's hand,
Palsied with fear, shot wide the ill-aim'd shaft,
Threatening the coward who betray'd himself,
He drove him from the ramparts. In his hand
The chief a cross-bow held; an engine dread
Of such wide-wasting fury, that of yore

The assembled fathers of the christian church
Pronounced that man accurs'd whose impious hand
Should point the murderous weapon. Such decrees
Befits the men of God to promulgate,
And with a warning voice, tho' haply vain,
To cry aloud and spare not, woe to them
Whose hands are full of blood!
An English king,
The lion-hearted Richard, their decree
First broke, and heavenly retribution doom'd
His fall by the keen quarrel; since that day
Frequent in fields of battle, and from far
To many a good knight, bearing his death wound
From hands unknown. With such an instrument,
Arm'd on the ramparts, Glacidas his eye
Cast on the assailing host. A keener glance
Darts not the hawk when from the feather'd tribe
He marks his victim.
On a Frank he fix'd
His gaze, who kneeling by the trebuchet,

Charged its long sling with death. Him Glacidus
Secure behind the battlements, beheld,
And strung his bow; then, bending on one knee,
He in the groove the feather'd quarrel placed,
And levelling with firm eye, the death-wound mark'd.
The bow-string twang'd, on its swift way the dart
Whizz'd fierce, and struck, there where the helmet's clasps
Defend the neck; a weak protection now,
For thro' the tube which draws the breath of life
Pierced the keen shaft; blood down the unwonted way
Gush'd to the lungs: prone fell the dying man
Grasping, convuls'd, the earth: a hollow groan
In his throat struggled, and the dews of death
Stood on his livid cheek. The days of youth
He had pass'd peaceful, and had known what joys
Domestic love bestows, the father once
Of two fair infants; in the city hemm'd
During the hard siege, he had seen their cheeks
Grow pale with famine, and had heard their cries

For bread! his wife, a broken-hearted one
Sunk to the cold grave's quiet, and her babes
With hunger pin'd, and followed; he surviv'd,
A miserable man, and heard the shouts
Of joy in Orleans, when the Maid approach'd,
As o'er the corpse of his last little one
He heap'd the unhallow'd earth. To him the foe
Perform'd a friendly part, hastening the hour
Grief else had soon brought on.
The English chief,
Pointing again his arbalist, let loose
The string; the quarrel, driven by that strong blow,
True to its aim, fled fatal: one it struck
Dragging a tortoise to the moat, and fix'd
Deep in his liver; blood and mingled gall
Flow'd from the wound, and writhing with keen pangs,
Headlong he fell. He for the wintry hour
Knew many a merry ballad and quaint tale,
A man in his small circle well-belov'd.
None better knew with prudent hand to guide

The vine's young tendrils, or at vintage time
To press the full-swoln clusters; he, heart-glad,
Taught his young boys the little all he knew,
Enough for happiness. The English host
Laid waste his fertile fields: he, to the war,
By want compell'd, adventur'd, in his gore
Now weltering.

Nor the Gallic host remit
Their eager efforts; some, the watery fence,
Beneath the tortoise roof'd, with engines apt
Drain painful; part, laden with wood, throw there
Their buoyant burdens, labouring so to gain
Firm footing: some the mangonels supply,
Or charging with huge stones the murderous sling,
Or petrary, or in the espringal
Fix the brass-winged arrows. Hoarse around
Rose the confused din of multitudes.
Fearless along the ramparts Gargrave mov'd,
Cheering the English troops. The bow he bore;
The quiver rattled as he mov'd along.

He knew aright to aim the feather'd shafts,
Well-skill'd to pierce the mottled roebuck's side,
O'ertaken in his flight. Him passing on,
From some huge martinet, a ponderous stone
Struck: on his breast-plate falling, there the driving
weight
Shattered the bone, and with his mangled lungs
The fragments mingled. On the sunny brow
Of a fair hill, wood-circled, stood his home,
A pleasant dwelling, whence the well-pleas'd eye
Gazed o'er the subject distance, and surveyed
Streams, hills, and forests, fair variety!
The traveller knew its hospitable towers,
For open were the gates, and blaz'd for all
The friendly fire. By glory lur'd, the youth
Went forth; and he had bath'd his falchion's edge
In many a Frenchman's gore; now crush'd beneath
The ponderous fragments force, his mangled limbs
Lie quivering.

Lo! towards the levelled moat,
A moving tower the men of Orleans wheel

Four stages elevate. Above was hung,
Equalling the walls, a bridge; in the lower stage
The ponderous battering-ram: a troop within
Of archers, thro' the opening, shot their shafts.
In the loftiest part was Conrade, so prepar'd
To mount the rampart; for he loath'd the chase,
And loved to see the dappled foresters
Browze fearless on their lair, with friendly eye,
And happy in beholding happiness,
Not meditating death: the bowman's art
Therefore he little knew, nor was he wont
To aim the arrow at the distant foe,
But uprear in close conflict, front to front,
His death-red battle-axe, and break the shield,
First in the war of men. There too the Maid
Awaits, impatient on the wall to wield
Her falchion. Onward moves the heavy tower,
Slow o'er the moat and steady, tho' the foe
Shower'd there their javelins, aim'd their engines there,
And from the arbalist the fire-tipt dart

Shot lightning thro' the sky. In vain it flam'd,
For well with many a reeking hide secur'd,
Pass'd on the dreadful pile, and now it reach'd
The wall. Below, with forceful impulse driven,
The iron-horned engine swings its stroke,
Then back recoils; while they within who guide,
In backward step collecting all their strength,
Anon the massy beam with stronger arm
Drive full and fierce. So rolls the swelling sea
Its curly billows to the unmov'd foot
Of some huge promontory, whose broad base
Breaks the rough wave; the shiver'd surge rolls back,
Till, by the coming billow borne, it bursts
Again, and foams with ceaseless violence:
The wanderer, on the sunny clift outstretch'd,
Harks to the roaring surges, as they rock
His weary senses to forgetfulness.

But nearer danger threats the invaders now,
For on the ramparts, lower'd from above

The bridge reclines. An universal shout
Rose from the hostile hosts. The exultant Franks
Clamour their loud rejoicing, whilst the foe
Lift up the warning voice, and call aloud
For speedy succour there, with deafening shout
Cheering their comrades. Not with louder din
The mountain torrent flings precipitate
Its bulk of waters, tho' amid the fall
Shatter'd, and dashing silvery from the rock.

Lo! on the bridge he stands, the undaunted man,
Comrade! the gather'd foes along the wall
Throng opposite, and on him point their pikes,
Cresting with armed men the battlements.
He undismay'd, tho' on that perilous height,
Stood firm, and hurl'd his javelin; the keen point
Pierced thro' the destined victim, where his arm
Join'd the broad breast: a wound which skilful care
Haply had heal'd; but, him disabled now
For farther service, the unpitying throng

Of his tumultuous comrades from the wall
Thrust headlong. Nor did Conrade cease to hurl
His deadly javelins fast, for well within
The tower was stor'd with weapons, to the knight
Quickly supplied: nor did the mission'd Maid
Rest idle from the combat; she, secure
Aim'd the keen quarrel, taught the cross-bow's use
By the willing mind that what it well desires
Gains aptly: nor amid the numerous throng,
Tho' haply erring from their destin'd mark,
Sped her sharp arrows frustrate. From the tower
Ceaseless the bow-strings twang: the knights below,
Each by his pavais bulwark'd, thither aim'd
Their darts, and not a dart fell woundless there,
So thickly throng'd they stood; and fell as fast
As when the monarch of the east goes forth
From Gemna's banks and the proud palaces
Of Delhi, the wild monsters of the wood
Die in the blameless warfare: clos'd within
The still-contracting circle, their brute force

Wasting in mutual rage, they perish there,
Or by each other's fury lacerate,
The archer's barbed arrow, or the lance
Of some bold youth of his first exploits vain,
Rajah or Omrah, for the war of beasts
Venturous, and learning thus the love of blood.

The shout of terror rings along the wall,
For now the French their scaling ladders place,
And bearing high their bucklers, to the assault
Mount fearless: from above the furious troops
Hurl down such weapons as inventive care
Or frantic rage supplies: huge stones and beams
Crush the bold foe; some, thrust adown the height,
Fall living to their death; some in keen pangs
And wildly-writhing, as the liquid lead
Gnaws thro' their members, leap down desperate,
Eager to cease from suffering. Still they mount,
And by their fellows' fate unterrified,
Still dare the perilous way. Nor dangerless

To the English was the fight, tho' from above
Easy to crush the assailants: them amidst
Fast fled the arrows; the brass-winged darts,
There driven resistless from the espringal,
Keeping their impulse even in the wound,
Whirl as they pierce the victim. Some fall crush'd
Beneath the ponderous fragment that descends
The heavier from its height: some the long lance,
Impetuous rushing on its viewless way,
Transfix'd. The death-fraught cannon's thundering roar
Convulsing air, the soldier's eager shout,
And terror's wild shriek echo o'er the plain
In dreadful harmony.

Meantime the chief,
Who equall'd on the bridge the rampart's height,
With many a well-aim'd javelin dealing death,
Made thro' the throng his passage: he advanced
In wary valour o'er his slaughter'd foes,
On the blood-reeking wall. Him drawing near,

Two youths, the boldest of the English host,
Prest on to thrust him from that perilous height;
At once they rush'd upon him: he, his axe
Dropping, the dagger drew: one thro' the throat
He pierced, and swinging his broad buckler round,
Dash'd down his comrade. Even thus unmoved,
Stood Corineus, the sire of Guendolen,
When grappling with his monstrous enemy
He the brute vastness held aloft, and bore,
And headlong hurl'd, all shatter'd to the sea,
Down from the rock's high summit, since that day
Him, hugest of the giants, chronicling,
Called Langoemagog.

The Maid of Arc
Bounds o'er the bridge, and to the wind unfurls
Her hallowed banner. At that welcome sight
A general shout of acclamation rose,
And loud, as when the tempest-tossing forest
Roars to the roaring wind. Then terror seiz'd
The garrison; and fir'd anew with hope,

The fierce assailants to their prize rush on
Resistless. Vainly do their English foes
Hurl there their beams, and stones, and javelins,
And fire-brands; fearless in the escalade,
The assailants mount, and now upon the wall
Wage equal battle:
Burning at the sight
With indignation, Glacidas beheld
His troops fly scatter'd; fast on every side
The foes up-rushing eager to their spoil;
The holy standard waving; and the Maid
Fierce in pursuit. "Speed but this arrow, heaven!"
The chief exclaim'd, "and I shall fall content."
So saying, he his sharpest quarrel chose,
And fix'd the bow-string, and against the Maid
Levelling, let loose: her arm was rais'd on high
To smite a fugitive; he glanced aside,
Shunning her deadly stroke, and thus receiv'd
The chieftain's arrow: thro' his ribs it pass'd,
And cleft that vessel, whence the purer blood,

Thro' many a branching chaunel o'er the frame
Meanders.

"Fool!" the exasperate knight exclaim'd,
"Would she had slain thee! thou hast liv'd too long."
Again he aim'd his arbalist: the string
Struck forceful: swift the erring arrow sped
Guiltless of blood, for lightly o'er the court
Bounded the warrior Virgin. Glacidas
Levell'd his bow again; the fated shaft
Fled true, and difficultly thro' the mail
Pierced to her neck, and tinged its point with blood.
"She bleeds! she bleeds!" exulting cried the chief;
"The sorceress bleeds! nor all her hellish arts
"Can charm my arrows from their destin'd course."
Ill-fated man! in vain with murderous hand
Placing thy feather'd quarrel in its groove,
Dream'st thou of *JOAN* subdued! She from her neck
Plucking the shaft unterrified, exclaim'd,
"This is a favour! Frenchmen, let us on!
"Escape they cannot from the hand of God!"

But Conrade, rolling round his angry eyes,
Beheld the English chieftain as he aim'd
Again the bow: with rapid step he strode;
Nor did not Gladcias the Frank perceive;
At him he drew the string: the powerless dart
Fell blunted from his buckler. Fierce he came
And lifting high his ponderous battle-axe,
Full on his shoulder drove the furious stroke
Deep buried in his bosom: prone he fell,
The cold air rush'd upon his heaving heart.
One whose low lineage gave no second name
Was Glacidas, a gallant man, and still
His memory in the records of the foe
Survives.

And now disheartened at his death
The vanquish'd English fly towards the gate,
Seeking the inner court, as yet in hope
Again to dare the siege, and with their friends
Find present refuge there. Mistaken men!
The vanquish'd have no friends! defeated thus,

Prest by pursuit, in vain with eager voice
They call their comrades in the suppliant tones
Of pity now, now with the bitter curse
Of fruitless anger; they indeed within
Fast from the ramparts on the victor troops
Hurl their keen javelins,..but the gate is barr'd,..
The huge portcullis down!
Then terror seiz'd
Their hopeless hearts: some, furious in despair,
Turn on their foes; fear-palsied some await
The coming death; some drop the useless sword,
And cry for mercy.
Then the Maid of Arc
Had pity on the vanquish'd; and she call'd
Aloud, and cried unto the host of France,
And bade them cease from slaughter. They obeyed
The delegated damsel. Some there were
Apart who communed murmuring, and of those
Graville address'd her. "Mission'd Maid! our troops
"Are few in number; and to well secure

" These many prisoners such a force demands,
" As should we spare might shortly make us need
" The mercy we bestow; not mercy then,
" Rather to these our soldiers, cruelty.
" Justice to them, to France, and to our king,
" And that regard wise Nature hath in each
" Implanted of self-safety, all demand
" Their deaths."
" Foul fall such evil policy!"
The indignant Maid exclaim'd. " I tell thee, chief,
" GOD is with us! but GOD shall hide his face
" From him who sheds one drop of human blood
" In calm cold-hearted wisdom; him who weighs
" The *right* and the *expedient*, and resolves,
" Just as the well-pois'd scale shall rise or fall.
" These men shall live, live to be happy, chief,
" And in the latest hour of life shall bless
" Us who preserved. What is the conqueror's name,
" Compared to this when the death-hour shall come?
" To think that we have from the murderous sword

" Rescued one man, and that his heart-pour'd prayers,
" Already with celestial eloquence,
" Plead for us to the All-just!"
Severe she spake,
Then turn'd to Conrade. "Thou from these our troops
" Appoint fit escort for the prisoners:
" I need not tell thee, Conrade, they are men,
" Misguided men, led from their little homes,
" The victims of the mighty! thus subdued
" They are our foes no longer: hold them safe
" In Orleans. From the war we may not spare
" Thy valour long."
She said: when Conrade cast
His eyes around, and mark'd amid the court
From man to man where Francis rush'd along,
Bidding them spare the vanquish'd. Him he hail'd.
" The Maid hath bade me chuse a leader forth
" To guard the captives; thou shalt be the man;
" For thou wilt guard them with due diligence,
" Yet not forgetting they are men, our foes.

" No longer!"

Nor meantime the garrison
Ceas'd from the war; they, in the hour of need,
Abandoning their comrades to the sword,
A daring band, resolv'd to bide the siege
In desperate valour. Fast against the walls
The battering-ram drove fierce; the enginery
Ply'd at the ramparts fast; the catapults
Drove there their dreadful darts; the war-wolfs there
Hurl'd their huge stones; and, thro' the kindled sky,
The engines showered their sheets of liquid fire.

" Feel ye not, comrades, how the ramparts shake
" Beneath the ponderous ram's incessant stroke?"
Exclaim'd a venturous Englishman. " Our foes,
" In woman-like compassion, have dismiss'd
" A powerful escort, weakening thus themselves,
" And giving us fair hope, in equal field,
" Of better fortune. Sorely here annoy'd,
" And slaughter'd by their engines from afar,

" We perish. Vainly does the soldier boast
" Undaunted courage and the powerful arm,
" If thus pent up, like some wild beast he falls,
" Mark'd for the hunter's arrows: let us out
" And meet them in the battle, man to man,
" Either to conquer, or, at least, to die
" A soldier's death."

" Nay, nay..not so," replied
One of less daring valor. " Tho' they point
" Their engines here, our archers not in vain
" Speed their death-doing shafts. Let the strong walls
" First by the foe be won; 'twill then be time
" To meet them in the battle man to man,
" When these shall fail us."

Scarcely had he spoke
When full upon his breast a ponderous stone
Fell fierce impell'd, and drove him to the earth,
All shattered. Horror the spectators seiz'd,
For as the dreadful weapon shivered him,
His blood besprinkled round, and they beheld

His mangled lungs lie quivering!

" Such the fate
" Of those who trust them to their walls defence,"
Again exclaim'd the soldier: " thus they fall,
" Betray'd by their own fears. Courage alone
" Can save us."

Nor to draw them from the fort
Now needed eloquence; with one accord
They bade him lead to battle. Forth they rush'd
Impetuous. With such fury o'er the plain,
Swoln by the autumnal tempest, Vega rolls
His rapid waters, when the gathered storm,
On the black heights of Hatteril bursting, swells
The tide of desolation.

Then the Maid
Spake to the son of Orleans, " Let our troops
" Fall back, so shall the English in pursuit
" Leave this strong fortress, thus an easy prey."
Time was not for long counsel. From the court,
Obedient to Dunois, a band of Franks

Retreat, as at the irruption of their foes
Dishearten'd; they, with shouts and loud uproar,
Rush to their fancied conquest: *JOAN*, the while
Placing a small but gallant garrison,
Bade them secure the gates: then forth she rush'd,
With such fierce onset charging on their rear,
That terror smote the English, and they wish'd
Again that they might hide them in their walls
Rashly abandoned, for now wheeling around
The son of Orleans fought. All captainless,
Ill-marshall'd, ill-directed, in vain rage,
They waste their furious efforts, falling fast
Before the Maid's good falchion and the sword
Of Conrade: loud was heard the mingled sound
Of arms and men; the earth, that trampled late
By multitudes, gave to the passing wind
Its dusty clouds, now reek'd with their hot gore.

High on the fort's far summit Talbot mark'd
The fight, and call'd impatient for his arms,

Eager to rush to war; and scarce withheld,
For now, disheartened and discomfited,
The troops fled fearful.
On the bridge there stood
A strong-built tower, commanding o'er the Loire.
The traveller sometimes lingered on his way,
Marking the playful tenants of the stream,
Seen in its shadow, stem the sea-ward tide;
This had the invaders won in hand assault,
Before the delegate of heaven came forth
And made them fear who never fear'd till then.
Hither the English troops with hasty steps
Retir'd, yet not forgetful of defence,
But waging still the war: the garrison
Them thus retreating saw, and open threw
Their guarded gates, and on the Gallic host,
Covering their vanquish'd fellows, pour'd their shafts.
Check'd in pursuit they stop. Then Graville cried,
" Ill Maiden hast thou done! those valiant troops
" Thy womanish pity has dismissed, with us

" Conjoin'd might press upon the vanquish'd foes,
" Tho' aided thus, and plant the lilied flag
" Victorious on yon tower."
" Dark-minded man!"
The Maid of Orleans answer'd, " to act well
" Brings with itself an ample recompence.
" I have not rear'd the oriflamme of death,
" The butcher flag! the banner of the Lord
" Is this, and come what will, me it behoves,
" Mindful of that good power who delegates,
" To spare the fallen foe: that gracious God
" Sends me the minister of mercy forth,
" Sends me to save this ravaged realm of France,
" To England friendly as to all the world,
" Foe only to the great blood-guilty ones,
" The masters and the murderers of mankind."

She said, and suddenly threw off her helm;
Her breast heav'd high—her cheek grew red—her eyes
Flash'd forth a wilder lustre. " Thou dost deem

"That I have illy spar'd so large a band,
"Disabling from pursuit our weakened troops;..
"God is with us!" she cried.. "God is with us!
"Our champion manifest!"
Even as she spake,
The tower, the bridge, and all its multitudes,
Sunk with a mighty crash.
Astonishment
Seized on the French—an universal cry
Of terror burst from them. Crush'd in the fall,
Or by their armour whelm'd beneath the tide,
The sufferers sunk, or vainly plied their arms,
Caught by some sinking wretch, who grasp'd them fast
And dragg'd them down to death; shrieking they sunk;
Huge fragments frequent dash'd with thundering roar
Amid the foaming current. From the fort
Talbot beheld, and gnash'd his teeth, and curs'd
The more than mortal virgin; whilst the towers
Of Orleans echoed to the loud uproar,

And all who heard trembled, and cross'd their breasts,
And as they hastened to the city walls,
Told fearfully their beads.
'Twas now the hour
When o'er the plain the fading rays of eve
Their sober light effuse; when the lowing herd,
Slow as they stalk to shelter, draw behind
Their lengthening shades; and seeking his high nest,
As heavily he flaps the dewy air,
The hoarse rook pours his melancholy note.
" Now then, Dunois, for Orleans!" cried the Maid,
" And give we to the flames these monuments
" Of sorrow and disgrace. The ascending flames
" Shall to the dwellers of yon rescued town
" Blaze with a joyful splendour, while the foe
" Behold and tremble."
As she spake, they rush'd
To fire the forts; they shower their wild fire there,
And high amid the gloom the ascending flames

Blaze up; then joyful of their finish'd toil
The host retire. Hush'd is the field of fight
As the calm'd ocean, when its gentle waves
Heave slow and silent, wafting tranquilly
The shatter'd fragments of the midnight wreck.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE NINTH BOOK.

FAR thro' the shadowy sky the ascending flames
Stream'd their fierce torrents, by the gales of night
Now curl'd, now flashing their long lightnings up
That made the stars seem pale; less frequent now
Thro' the red volumes briefer splendours shot,
And blacker waves roll'd o'er the darken'd heaven.
Dismay'd amid the forts which yet remain'd
The invaders saw, and clamour'd for retreat,
Deeming that aided by invisible powers
The Maid went forth to conquer. Not a sound
Mov'd on the air but filled them with vague dread
Of unseen dangers; if the blast arose
Sudden, thro' every fibre a deep fear
Crept shivering, and to their expecting minds

Silence itself was dreadful. One there was
Who, learning wisdom in the hour of ill,
Exclaim'd, " I marvel not that the Most High
" Hath hid his face from England! wherefore thus
" Quitting the comforts of domestic life,
" Swarm we to desolate this goodly land,
" Making the drench'd earth rank with human blood,
" Scatter pollution on the winds of Heaven?
" Oh! that the sepulchre had closed its jaws
" On that foul priest, on that blood-guilty man,
" Who, trembling for the churches ill-got wealth,
" Bade Henry look on France, ere he had drawn
" The desolating sword, and sent him forth
" To slaughter! Sure that holy hermit spake
" The Almighty's bidding, who in his career
" Of conquest met the king, and bade him cease
" The work of death, before the wrath divine
" Fell heavy on his head;.. and soon it fell
" And sunk him to the grave;.. and soon that wrath
" On us, alike in sin, alike shall fall,

" For thousands and ten thousands, by the sword
" Cut off, and sent before the eternal judge,
" With all their unrepented crimes upon them,
" Cry out for vengeance! for the widow's groan,
" Tho' here she groan unpitied or unheard,
" Is heard in heaven against us! o'er this land
" For hills of human slain, unsepulchred,
" Steam pestilence, and cloud the blessed sun!
" The wrath of God is on us, God hath call'd
" This virgin forth, and gone before her path;
" Our brethren, vainly valiant, fall beneath them,
" Clogging with gore their weapons, or in the flood
" Whelm'd like the Egyptian tyrant's impious host,
" Mangled and swoln, their blacken'd carcasses
" Toss on the tossing billows! We remain,
" For yet our rulers will pursue the war,
" We still remain to perish by the sword,
" Soon to appear before the throne of God,
" Lost, guilty wretches, hireling murderers,
" Uninjur'd, unprovok'd, who dar'd to risk

" The life his goodness gave us, on the chance
" Of war, and in obedience to our chiefs
" Durst disobey our God."

Then terror seiz'd
The troops and late repentance; and they thought
The spirits of the mothers and their babes
Famish'd at Roan sat on the clouds of night,
Circling the forts, to hail with gloomy joy
The hour of vengeance.

Nor the English chiefs
Heard their loud murmurs heedless; counselling
They met despondent. Suffolk, now their chief,
Since conquered by the arm of Theodore
Fell Salisbury, thus began.

" It now were vain
" Lightly of this our more than mortal foe
" To speak contemptuous. She hath vanquish'd us,
" Aided by hell's leagued powers, nor aught avails
" Man unassisted 'gainst the powers of hell
" To dare the conflicts were it best remain

" Waiting the doubtful aid of Burgundy,
" Doubtful and still delayed? or from this scene,
" Scene of our shame, retreating as we may,
" Yet struggle to preserve the guarded towns
" Of Orleannois?"

He ceas'd, and with a sigh,
Struggling with pride that heav'd his gloomy breast,
Talbot replied, " Our council little boots;
" For by their numbers now made bold in fear
" The soldiers will not fight, they will not heed
" Our vain resolves, heart-withered by the spells
" Of this accursed sorceress. Soon will come
" The expected host from England: even now
" Perchance the tall bark scuds across the deep
" That bears my son: young Talbot comes, he comes
" To find his sire disgraced! but soon mine arm,
" By vengeance nerv'd, and shame of such defeat,
" Shall, from the crest-fall'n courage of yon witch,
" Regain its ancient glory. Near the coast
" Best is it to retreat, and there expect

"The coming succour."

Thus the warrior spake.
Joy ran thro' all the troops, as tho' retreat
Were safety. Silently in order'd ranks
They issue forth, favour'd by the deep clouds
Which mantled o'er the moon. With throbbing hearts
Fearful they speeded on: some, thinking sad
Of distant England, and, now wise too late,
Cursing in bitterness the evil hour
That led them from her shores: some in faint hope
Calling to mind the comforts of their home:
Talbot went musing on his blasted fame
Sullen and stern, and feeding on dark thoughts,
And meditating vengeance.

In the walls
Of Orleans, tho' her habitants with joy
Humbly acknowledged the high aid of heaven,
Of many a heavy ill and bitter loss
Mindful, such mingled sentiments they felt
As one from shipwreck sav'd, the first warm glow

Of transport past, who contemplates himself,
Preserv'd alone, a solitary wretch,
Possess'd of life indeed, but reft of all
That makes man love to live. The chieftains shar'd
The social bowl, glad of the town reliev'd,
And communing of that miraculous Maid,
Who came the saviour of the realm of France,
When vanquish'd in the frequent field of shame
Her bravest warriors trembled.

JOAN the while
Foodless and silent to the convent pass'd:
Conrade with her, and Isabel; both mute,
Yet gazing on her oft with eloquent eye,
Looking the consolation that they fear'd
To give a voice to. Now they reach'd the dome:
The glaring torches o'er the house of death
Stream'd a sad splendour. Flowers and funeral herbs
Bedeck'd the bier of Theodore: the rue,
The dark green rosemary, and the violet,
That pluck'd like him wither'd in its first bloom.

Dissolv'd in sorrow, Isabel her grief
Pour'd copious; Conrade wept: the Maid alone
Was tearless, for she stood unheedingly,
Gazing the vision'd scene of her last hour,
Absorb'd in contemplation; from her eye
Intelligence was absent; nor she seem'd
To hear, tho' listening to the dirge of death.
Laid in his last home now was Theodore,
And now upon the coffin thrown, the earth
Fell heavy: the Maid started, for the sound
Smote on her heart; her eye one lightning glance
Shot wild, and shuddering, upon Isabel
She hung, her pale lips trembling, and her cheek
As wan as tho' untenanted by life.

Then in the priest arose the earnest hope,
That weary of the world and sick with woe,
The Maid might dwell with them a vestal vow'd.
"Ah, damsel!" slow he spake, and cross'd his breast,
"Ah, damsel! favour'd as thou art of heaven,

" Let not thy soul beneath its sorrow sink
" Despondent; heaven by sorrow disciplines
" The froward heart, and chastens whom it loves;
" Therefore, companion of thy way of life,
" Shall sorrow wean thee from this faithless world,
" Where happiness provokes the traveller's chase,
" And like the midnight meteor of the marsh
" Allures his long and perilous pursuit,
" Then leaves him dark and comfortless. O Maid!
" Fix thou thine eyes upon that heavenly dawn
" Beyond the night of life! thy race is run,
" Thou hast delivered Orleans: now perfect
" Thyself; accomplish all, and be the child
" Of God. Amid these sacred haunts the groan
" Of woe is never heard; these hallow'd roofs
" Re-echo only to the pealing quire,
" The chaunted mass, and virgin's holy hymn,
" Celestial sounds! secluded here, the soul
" Receives a foretaste of her joys to come!
" This is the abode of piety and peace:

" Oh! be their inmate, Maiden! come to rest,
" Die to the world, and live espous'd to heaven!"

Then Conrade answered, "Father! heaven has doom'd
" This Maid to active virtue."
" Active!" cried
The astonish'd priest; " thou dost not know the toils
" This holy warfare asks; thou dost not know
" How powerful the attacks that Satan makes
" By sinful Nature aided! Dost thou deem
" It is an easy task from the fond breast
" To root affection out? to burst the cords
" Which grapple to society the heart
" Of social man? to rouse the unwilling spirit,
" That, rebel to devotion, faintly pours
" The cold lip-worship of the wearying prayer?
" To fear and tremble at him, yet to love
" A god of terrors? Maid, beloved of heaven!
" Come to this sacred trial! share with us
" The day of penance and the night of prayer!

" Humble thyself! feel thine own worthlessness,
" A reptile worm! before thy birth condemn'd
" To all the horrors of thy Maker's wrath,
" The lot of fallen mankind! oh, hither come!
" Humble thyself in ashes, so thy name
" Shall live amid the blessed host of saints,
" And unborn pilgrims at thy hallowed shrine
" Pour forth their pious offerings."
" Hear me, priest,"
Exclaim'd the awaken'd Maid; " amid these tombs,
" Cold as their clayey tenants, know, my heart
" Must never grow to stone! chill thou thyself,
" And break thy midnight rest, and tell thy beads,
" And labour thro' thy still repeated prayer;
" Fear thou thy god of terrors; spurn the gifts
" He gave, and sepulchre thyself alive!
" But far more valued is the vine that bends
" Beneath its swelling clusters, than the dark
" And joyless ivy, round the cloister's wall
" Wreathing its barren arms. For me I know

" Mine own worth, priest! that I have well perform'd
" My duty, and untrembling shall appear
" Before the just tribunal of that God
" Whom grateful love has taught me to adore !"

Severe she spake, for sorrow in her heart
Had wrought unwonted sternness. From the dome
They past in silence, when with hasty steps,
Sent by the assembled chieftains, one they met
Seeking the mission'd virgin, as alarm'd,
The herald of ill tidings.
" Holy Maid!"
He cried, " they ask thy counsel. Burgundy
" Comes in the cause of England, and his troops
" Scarce three leagues from our walls, a fearful power,
" Rest tented for the night."
" Say to the chiefs,
" At morn I will be with them," she replied.
" Meantime their welfare well shall occupy
" My nightly thoughts."

So saying on she past
Thoughtful and silent. A brief while she mus'd,
Brief, but sufficing to impel the soul,
As with a strange and irresistible force,
To loftiest daring. " Conrade!" she exclaim'd,
" I pray thee meet me at the eastern gate
" With a swift steed prepar'd: for I must hence."

Her voice was calm; nor Conrade thro' the gloom
Saw the faint flush that witness'd on her cheek
High thoughts conceived. She to her home repair'd,
And with a light and unplumed casquetel
She helm'd her head; hung from her neck the shield,
And forth she went.

Her Conrade by the wall
Awaited. " May I, Maiden, seek unblam'd
" Whither this midnight journey? may I share
" The peril?" cried the warrior. She rejoin'd,
" This, Conrade, may not be. Alone I go.
" That impulse of the soul which comes from God

" Hath summon'd me. Of this remain assur'd,
" If aught of patriot enterprize requir'd
" Associate firmness, thou shouldst be the man,
" Best,..last,..and only friend!"

So up she sprung
And left him. He beheld the warden close
The gate, and listened to her courser's tramp,
Till soon upon his ear the far-off sound
Fell faintly, and was lost.

Swift o'er the vale
Sped the good courser; eagerly the Maid
Gave the loose rein, and now her speed attain'd
The dark encampment. Thro' the sleeping ranks
Onward she past. The trampling of the steed
Or mingled with the soldier's busy dreams,
Or with vague terrors fill'd his startled sense,
Prompting the secret prayer.

So on she past
To where in loftier shade arose the tent
Of Burgundy: light leaping from her seat

She enter'd.

On the earth the chieftain slept,
His mantle scarft around him; all in arms,
Save that his shield hung near him, and his helm,
And by his side in warrior readiness
The sheathed falchion lay. Profound he slept,
Nor heard the speeding courser's sounding hoof,
Nor entering footstep. "Burgundy," she cried,
"What, Burgundy! awake!" He started up
And caught the gleam of arms, and to his sword
Reach'd the quick hand. But soon his upward glance
Thrill'd him, for full upon her face the lamp
Stream'd its deep glare, and in her solemn look
Was most unearthly meaning. Pale she was;
But in her eye a saintly lustre beam'd,
And that most calm and holiest confidence
That guilt knows never. "Burgundy, thou seest
"THE MAID OF ORLEANS!"

As she spake, a voice
Exclaim'd, "Die, sorceress!" and a knight rush'd in,

Whose name by her illustrated yet lives,
Franquet of Arras. With uplifted arm
Furious he came; her buckler broke the blow,
And forth she flash'd her sword, and with a stroke
Swift that no eye could ward it, and of strength
No mail might blunt, smote on his neck, his neck
Unfenced, for he in haste arous'd had cast
An armet on; resistless there she smote,
And to the earth prone fell the headless trunk
Of Franquet.

Then on Burgundy she fix'd
Her eye severe. "Go, chief, and thank thy God
"That he with lighter judgments visits thee
"Than fell on Sisera, or by Judith's hand
"He wrought upon the Assyrian! thank thy God,
"That when his vengeance smote the invading sons
"Of England, equall'd tho' thou wert in guilt,
"Thee he has spar'd to work by penitence
"And better deeds atonement."

Thus she spake,

Then issued forth, and bounding on her steed
Sped o'er the plain. Dark on the upland bank
The hedge-row trees distinct and colourless
Rose o'er the grey horizon, and the Loire
Form'd in its winding way islands of light
Amid the shadowy vale, when now she reach'd
The walls of Orleans.

From the eastern clouds
The sun came forth, as to the assembled chiefs
The Maiden past. Her bending thitherwards
The Bastard met. "New perils threaten us,"
He cried, "new toils await us; Burgundy, ..."

"Fear not for Burgundy!" the Maid exclaim'd,
"Him will the Lord direct. Our earliest scouts
"Shall tell his homeward march. What of the troops
"Of England?"

"They," the son of Orleans cried,
"By darkness favour'd, fled; yet not by flight
"Shall England's robber sons escape the arm

" Of retribution. Even now our troops,
" By battle unfatigued, unsatisfied
" With conquest, clamour to pursue the foe."

The delegated damsel thus replied:
" So let them fly, Dunois! but other toils
" Than those of battle, these our hallow'd troops
" Await. Look yonder to that carnaged plain!
" Behoves us there to delve the general grave.
" Then, chieftain, for pursuit, when we have paid
" The rites of burial to our fellow men,
" And hymn'd our gratitude to that ALL-JUST
" Who gave the conquest. Thou, meantime, dispatch
" Tidings to Chinon: bid the king set forth,
" That crowning him before assembled France,
" In Rheims delivered from the enemy,
" I may accomplish all."
So said the Maid,
Then to the gate mov'd on, The assembled troops
Beheld their coming chief, and smote their shields,

Clamouring their admiration; for they thought
That she would lead them to the instant war.
She waved her hand, and silence still'd the host.
Then thus the mission'd Maid, "Fellows in arms!
"We must not speed to joyful victory,
"Whilst our unburied comrades, on yon plain,
"Allure the carrion bird. Give we this day
"To our dead friends!"
Nor did she speak in vain;
For as she spake, the thirst of battles dies
In every breast, such awe and love pervade
The listening troops. They o'er the corse-strewn plain
Speed to their sad employment: some dig deep
The house of death; some bear the lifeless load;
One little troop search carefully around,
If haply they might find surviving yet
Some wounded wretches. As they labour thus,
They mark far off the iron-blaze of arms;
See distant standards waving on the air,
And hear the clarion's clang. Then spake the Maid

To Conrade, and she bade him speed to view
The coming army; or to meet their march
With friendly greeting, or if foes they came
With such array of battle as short space
Allowed: the warrior sped across the plain,
And soon beheld the bannered lilies wave.

Their chief was Richemont: he, when as he heard
What rites employed the Virgin, straightway bade
His troops assist in burial; they, tho' griev'd
At late arrival, and the expected day
Of conquest past, yet give their willing aid:
They dig the general grave, and thither bear
English or French alike commingled now,
And heap the mound of death.

Amid the plain
There was a little eminence, of old
Pil'd o'er some honoured chieftain's narrow house,
His praise the song had ceas'd to celebrate,
And many an unknown age had the long grass

Wav'd o'er the nameless mound, tho' barren now
Beneath the frequent tread of multitudes.
There elevate, the martial Maiden stood,
Her brow unhelm'd, and floating on the wind
Her long dark locks. The silent troops around
Stood thickly throng'd, as o'er the fertile field
Billows the ripen'd corn. The passing breeze
Bore not a murmur from the numerous host,
Such deep attention held them. She began.

" Glory to those who in their country's cause
" Fall in the field of battle! Citizens,
" I stand not here to mourn these gallant men,
" Our comrades, nor with vain and idle phrase
" Of pity and compassion, to console
" The friends who lov'd them. They, indeed, who fall
" Beneath oppression's banner, merit well
" Our pity; may the GOD OF PEACE AND LOVE
" Be merciful to those blood-guilty men
" Who came to desolate the realm of France,

" To make us bow the knee, and crouch like slaves,
" Before a tyrant's footstool! Give to these,
" And to their wives and orphan little-ones
" That on their distant father vainly cry
" For bread, give these your pity!... Wretched men,
" Forced or inveigled from their homes, or driven
" By need and hunger to the trade of blood;
" Or, if with free and willing mind they came,
" Most wretched,..for before the eternal throne
" They stand, as hireling murderers arraign'd.
" But our dead comrades for their freedom fought;
" No arts they needed, nor the specious bribes
" Of promise, to allure them to this fight,
" This holy warfare! them their parents sent,
" And as they raised their streaming eyes to heaven,
" Bade them go forth, and from the ruffian's sword
" Save their grey hairs: these men their wives sent out,
" Fix'd their last kisses on their armed hands,
" And bade them in the battle think they fought
" For them and for their babes. Thus roused to rage

" By every milder feeling, they rush'd forth,
" They fought, they conquer'd. To this high-rear'd
mound
" The men of Orleans in the days to come
" Shall bring their boys, and tell them of the deeds
" Their countrymen achieved, and bid them learn
" Like them to love their country, and like them,
" Should wild oppression pour again it's tide
" Of desolation, to step forth and stem
" Fearless, the furious torrent. Men of France!
" Mourn not for these our comrades; boldly they
" Fought the good fight, and that Eternal One,
" Who bade the angels harbinger his word
" With 'peace on earth,' rewards them. We survive,
" Honouring their memories to avenge their fall
" Upon the invading host; in vain the foe
" Madly will drain his wealth and waste his blood
" To conquer this vast realm! for, easier were it
" To hurl the rooted mountain from it's base,
" Than force the yoke of slavery upon men

" Determin'd to be free! Yes, . . let them rage,
" And drain their country's wealth, and waste her
blood,
" And pour their hireling thousands on our coasts,
" Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,
" And like the rock amid surrounding waves,
" Repel the rushing ocean, . . she shall wield
" The thunder, . . she shall blast her despot foes."

JOAN OF ARC.

THE TENTH BOOK.

THUS to the martyrs in their country's cause
The Maiden gave their fame; and when she ceas'd,
Such murmur from the multitude arose,
As when at twilight hour the summer breeze
Moves o'er the elmy vale: there was not one
Who mourn'd with feeble sorrow for his friend,
Slain in the fight of freedom; or if chance
Remembrance with a tear suffus'd the eye,
The patriot's joy flash'd thro'.

And now the rites
Of sepulture perform'd, the hymn to heaven
They chaunted. To the town the Maid return'd,
Dunois, with her, and Richemont, and the man,
Conrade, whose converse most the Virgin lov'd.

They of pursuit and of the future war
Sat communing; when loud the trumpet's voice
Proclaim'd approaching herald.
" To the Maid,"
Exclaim'd the messenger, " and thee, Dunois,
" Son of the chief he lov'd! Du Chastel sends
" Greeting. The aged warrior hath not spar'd
" All active efforts to partake your toil,
" And serve his country; and tho' late arriv'd,
" He share not in the fame your arms acquire,
" His heart is glad that he is late arriv'd,
" And France preserv'd thus early. He were here
" To join your host, and follow on their flight,
" But Richemont is his foe. To that high lord
" Thus says my master: We, tho' each to each
" Be hostile, are alike the embattled sons
" Of this our common country. Do thou join
" The conquering troops, and prosecute success;
" I will the while assault what guarded towns
" Bedford yet holds in Orleannois: one day,

" Perhaps the constable of France may learn
" He wrong'd Du Chastel."
As the herald spake,
The crimson current rush'd to Richemont's cheek.
" Tell to thy master," eager he replied,
" I am the foe of those court parasites
" Who poison the king's ear. Him who shall serve
" Our country in the field, I hold my friend:
" Such may Du Chastel prove."
So said the chief,
And pausing as the herald went his way,
Gaz'd on the Virgin. " Maiden! if aright
" I deem, thou dost not with a friendly eye
" Scan my past deeds."
Then o'er the damsel's cheek
A faint-glow spread. " True, chieftain!" she replied,
" Report bespeaks thee haughty, of thy power
" Jealous, and to the shedding human blood
" Revengeful."
" Maid of Orleans!" he exclaim'd,

52612

" Should the wolf slaughter thy defenceless flock,
" Were it a crime if thy more mighty force
" Destroy'd the fell destroyer? if thy hand
" Had pierced the ruffian as he burst thy door
" Prepar'd for midnight murder, would'st thou feel
" The weight of blood press heavy on thy soul?
" I slew the wolves of state, the murderers
" Of thousands. *JOAN!* when rusted in its sheath,
" The sword of justice hung, blamest thou the man
" That lent his weapon for the virtuous deed?"

Conrade replied, " Nay, Richemont, it were well
" To pierce the ruffian as he burst thy doors;
" But if he bear the plunder safely thence,
" And thou should'st meet him on the future day,
" Vengeance must not be thine: there is the law
" To punish; and if thy impatient hand,
" Unheard and uncondemn'd, should execute
" Death on the culprit, law will not allow
" The judge in the accuser!"

" Thou hast said
" Right wisely, warrior;" cried the constable;
" But there are guilty ones above the law,
" Men whose black crimes exceed the utmost bound
" Of private guilt; court vermin that buzz round,
" And fly-blow the king's ear, and make him waste,
" In this most perilous time, his people's wealth
" And blood: immers'd one while in criminal sloth,
" Heedless tho' ruin threat the realm they rule;
" And now projecting some mad enterprize,
" To certain slaughter send their wretched troops.
" These are the men that make the king suspect
" His wisest, faithfullest, best counsellors;
" And for themselves and their dependents, seize
" All places, and all profits; and they wrest
" To their own ends the statutes of the land,
" Or safely break them: thus, or indolent,
" Or active, ruinous alike to France.
" Wisely thou sayest, warrior! that the law
" Sould strike the guilty; but the voice of justice

" Cries out, and brings conviction as it cries,
" Whom the laws cannot reach the dagger should."

The Maid replied, " I blame thee not, O chief!
" If, reasoning to thine own conviction thus,
" Thou didst, well-satisfied, destroy these men
" Above the law: but if a meaner one,
" Self-constituting him the minister
" Of justice to the death of these bad men
" Had wrought the deed, him would the laws have seized,
" And doom'd a murderer: thee, thy power preserv'd!
" And what hast thou exampled? thou hast taught
" All men to execute what deeds of blood
" Their will or passion sentence: right and wrong
" Confounding thus, and making power, of all,
" Sole arbiter. Thy acts were criminal,
" Yet Richemont, for thou didst them self-approv'd,
" I may not blame the agent. Trust me, chief!
" That when a people sorely are oppress,

" The hour of violence will come too soon!
" He best meanwhile performs the patriot's part,
" Who, in the ear of rage and faction, breathes
" The healing words of love."
Thus commun'd they.
Meantime, all panic struck and terrified,
The English urge their flight; by other thoughts
Possess'd than when, elate with arrogance,
They dreamt of conquest, and the crown of France
At their disposal. Of their hard-fought fields,
Of glory hardly-earn'd, and lost with shame,
Of friends and brethren slaughter'd, and the fate
Threatening themselves, they brooded sadly, now
Repentant late and vainly. They whom fear
Erst made obedient to their conquering march,
At their defeat exultant, wreak what ills
Their power allow'd. Thus many a league they fled,
Marking their path with ruin, day by day
Leaving the weak and wounded destitute
To the foe's mercy; thinking of their home,

Tho' to that far-off prospect scarcely Hope
Could raise her sickly eye. Oh then what joy
Inspir'd anew their bosoms, when, like clouds
Moving in shadows down the distant hill,
They mark'd their coming succours! in each heart
Doubt rais'd a busy tumult; soon they knew
The friendly standard, and a general shout
Burst from the joyful ranks: yet came no joy
To Talbot: he, with dark and downward brow,
Mus'd sternly, till at length arous'd to hope
Of vengeance, welcoming his warrior son,
He brake a sullen smile.

"Son of my age!
"Welcome young Talbot to thy first of fields.
"Thy father bids thee welcome, tho' disgraced,
"Baffled, and flying from a woman's arm!
"Yes, by my former glories, from a woman!
"The scourge of France! the conqueror of men!
"Flying before a woman! Son of Talbot,
"Had the winds wafted thee a few days sooner,

" Thou hadst seen me high in honour, and thy name
" Alone had scattered armies; yet, my child,
" I bid thee welcome! rest we here our flight,
" And lift again the sword."

So spake the chief;
And well he counsell'd: for not yet the sun
Had reach'd meridian height, when, o'er the plain
Of Patay they beheld the troops of France
Speed in pursuit. Soon as the troops of France
Beheld the dark battalions of the foe
Shadowing the distant plain, a general shout
Burst from the expectant host, and on they prest,
Elate of heart and eager for the fight,
With clamours ominous of victory.
Thus urging on, one from the adverse host
Advanced to meet them: they his garb of peace
Knew, and they stay'd them as the herald spake
His bidding to the chieftains. " Sirs!" he cried,
" I bear defiance to you from the earl
" William of Suffolk. Here on this fit plain,

" He wills to give you battle, power to power,
" So please you, on the morrow."
" On the morrow
" We will join battle then," replied Dunois,
" And God befriend the right!" then on the herald
A robe rich-furr'd and broider'd he bestow'd,
A costly guerdon. Thro' the army spread
The unwelcome tidings of delay: possess'd
With agitating hopes they felt the hours
Pass heavily; but soon the night wain'd on,
And the loud trumpets blare from broken sleep
Rous'd them; a second time the thrilling blast
Bade them be arm'd, and at the third deep sound
They ranged them in their ranks. From man to man
With pious haste hurried the confessor
To shrive them, lest with souls all unprepar'd
They to their death might go. Dunois meantime
Rode thro' the host; the shield of dignity
Before him borne, and in his hand he held
The white wand of command. The open helm

Disclos'd that eye which temper'd the strong lines
Of steady valour, to obedient awe
Winning the will's assent. To some he spake
Of late-earn'd glory; others, new to war,
He bade bethink them of the feats achiev'd
When Talbot, recreant to his former fame,
Fled from beleager'd Orleans. Was there one
Whom he had known in battle? by the hand
Him did he take, and bid him on that day
Summon his wonted courage, and once more
Support his chief and comrade. Happy he
Who caught his glance, or from the chieftain's lips
Heard his own name! joy more inspiriting
Fills not the Persian's soul, when sure he deems
That Mithra hears propitiously his prayer,
And o'er the scattered cloud of morning pours
A brighter ray responsive.

Then the host
Partook due food, this their last meal belike
Receiving with such thoughtful doubts, as make,

The soul, impatient of uncertainty,
Rush eager to the event; being thus prepar'd,
Upon the grass the soldiers laid themselves,
Each in his station, waiting there the sound
Of onset, that in undiminish'd strength
Strong, they might meet the battle: silent some
Pondering the chances of the coming day,
Some whiling with a careless gaiety
The fearful pause of action.

Thus the French
In such array and high in confident hope
Await the signal; whilst with other thoughts,
And ominous awe, once more the invading host
Prepare them in the field of fight to meet
The Maid of God. Collected in himself
Appear'd the might of Talbot. Thro' the ranks
He stalks, reminds them of their former fame,
Their native land, their homes, the friends they lov'd,
All the rewards of this day's victory.

But awe had fill'd the English, and they struck
Faintly their shields; for they who had beheld
The hallowed banner with celestial light
Irradiate, and the mission'd Maiden's deeds,
Felt their hearts sink within them, at the thought
Of her near vengeance; and the tale they told
Rous'd such a tumult in the new-come troops,
As fitted them for fear. The aged chief
Beheld their drooping valour: his stern brow,
Wrinkled with thought, bewray'd his inward doubts:
Still he was firm, tho' all might fly, resolv'd
That Talbot should retrieve his old renown,
And period life with glory. Yet some hope
Inspir'd the veteran, as across the plain
Casting his eye, he mark'd the embattled strength
Of thousands; archers of unequalled skill,
Brigans, and pikemen, from whose lifted points
A fearful radiance flash'd, and young esquires,
And high-born warriors, bright in blazon'd arms.
Nor few, nor fameless were the English chiefs:

In many a field victorious, he was there,
The garter'd Eastolffe; Hungerford, and Scales,
Men who had seen the hostile squadrons fly
Before the arms of England. Suffolk there,
The haughty chieftain tower'd; blest had he fallen
Ere yet a courtly minion he was mark'd
By public hatred, and the murderer's name!
There too the son of Talbot, young in arms,
Mov'd eager; he, at many a tournament,
With matchless force, had pointed his strong lance,
O'er all opponents, victor: confident
In strength, and jealous of his future fame,
His heart beat high for battle. Such array
Of marshall'd numbers fought not on the field
Of Crecy, nor at Poictiers; nor such force
Led Henry to the fight of Agincourt
When thousands fell before him.

Onward move
The host of France. It was a goodly sight
To see the embattled pomp, as with the step

Of stateliness the barbed steeds came on,
To see the pennons rolling their long waves
Before the gale, and banners broad and bright
Tossing their blazonry, and high-plumed chiefs
Vidames and Seneschalls and Chastellains,
Gay with their bucklers gorgeous heraldry,
And silken surcoats to the mid-day sun
Glittering.

And now the knights of France dismount,
For not to brutal strength they deem'd it right
To trust their fame and their dear country's weal;
Rather to manly courage, and the glow
Of honourable thoughts, such as inspire
Ennobling energy. Unhors'd, unspurr'd,
Their javelins lessen'd to a wieldy length,
They to the foe advanced. The Maid alone,
Conspicuous on a coal-black courser, meets
The war. They mov'd to battle with such sound
As rushes o'er the vaulted firmament,
When from his seat, on the utmost verge of heaven

That overhangs the void, father of winds,
Hræsvelger starting, rears his giant bulk,
And from his eagle pinions shakes the storm.

High on her stately steed the martial Maid
Rode foremost of the war: her burnish'd arms
Shone like the brook that o'er its pebbled course
Runs glittering gayly to the noon-tide sun.
The foaming courser, of her guiding hand
Impatient, smote the earth, and toss'd his mane,
And rear'd aloft with many a froward bound,
Then answered to the rein with such a step,
As, in submission, he were proud to show
His unsubdued strength. Slow on the air
Wav'd the white plumes that shadow'd o'er her helm.
Even such, so fair, so terrible in arms
Pelides moved from Scyros, where, conceal'd
He lay obedient to his mother's fears
A seemly virgin; thus the youth appear'd
Terribly graceful, when upon his neck
Deidameia hung, and with a look

That spake the tumult of her troubled soul,
Fear, anguish, and upbraiding tenderness,
Gaz'd on the father of her unborn babe.

An English knight, who eager for renown
Late left his peaceful mansion, mark'd the Maid.
Her power miraculous, and fearful deeds
He from the troops had heard incredulous,
And scoff'd their easy fears, and vow'd that he,
Proving the magic of this dreaded girl
In equal battle, would dissolve the spell,
Powerless oppos'd to valor. Forth he spurr'd
Before the ranks; she mark'd the coming foe,
And fix'd her lance in rest, and rush'd along.
Midway they met; full on her buckler driven,
Shiver'd the English spear: her better force
Drove the brave foemen senseless from his seat.
Headlong he fell, nor ever to the sense
Of shame awoke, for rushing multitudes
Soon crush'd the helpless warrior.

Then the Maid

Rode thro' the thickest battle: fast they fell,
Pierced by her forceful spear. Amid the troops
Plunged her strong war-horse, by the noise of arms
Elate and rous'd to rage, he tramples o'er,
Or with the lance protended from his front,
Thrusts down the thronging squadrons. Where she turns
The foe tremble and die. Such ominous fear
Seizes the traveller o'er the trackless sands,
Who marks the dread Simoom across the waste,
Sweep its swift pestilence: to earth he falls,
Nor dares give utterance to the inward prayer,
Deeming the genius of the desart breathes
The purple blast of death.
Such was the sound
As when the tempest, mingling air and sea,
Flies o'er the uptorn ocean: dashing high
Their foamy heads amid the incumbent clouds,
The madden'd billows, with their deafening roar,
Drown the loud thunder's peal. In every form

Of horror, death was there: They fall, transfix'd
By the random arrow's point, or fierce-thrust lance,
Or sink, all battered by the ponderous mace:
Some from their coursers thrown, lie on the earth,
Unwieldly in their arms, that weak to save,
Protracted all the agonies of death.
But most the English fell, by their own fears
Betray'd, for fear the evil that it dreads
Increases. Even the chiefs, who many a day
Had met the war and conquer'd, trembled now,
Appall'd before the Maid miraculous.
As the blood-nurtur'd monarch of the wood,
That o'er the wilds of Afric, in his strength
Resistless ranges, when the mutinous clouds
Burst, and the lightnings thro' the midnight sky
Dart their red fires, lies fearful in his den,
And howls in terror to the passing storm.

But Talbot, fearless where the bravest fear'd,
Mow'd down the hostile ranks. The chieftain stood

Like the strong oak, amid the tempest's rage,
That stands unharm'd, and while the forest falls
Uprooted round, lifts his high head aloft,
And nods majestic to the warring wind.
He fought resolv'd to snatch the shield of death
And shelter him from shame. The very herd
Who fought near Talbot, tho' the Virgin's name
Made their cheeks pale, and drove the curdling blood
Back to their hearts, caught from his daring deeds
New force, and went like eaglets to the prey
Beneath their mother's wing: to him they look'd
Their tower of strength, and followed where his sword
Made thro' the foe a way. Nor did the son
Of Talbot shame his lineage; by his sire
Emulous he strove, like the young lionet
When first he bathes his murderous jaws in blood.
They fought intrepid, tho' amid their ranks
Fear and confusion triumph'd; for such dread
Possess'd the English, as the Etruscans felt,
When self-devoted to the infernal gods

The aweful Decius stood before the troops,
Rob'd in the victim garb of sacrifice,
And spake aloud, and call'd the shadowy powers
To give to Rome the conquest, and receive
Their willing prey; then rush'd amid the foe,
And died upon the hecatombs he slew.

But hope inspir'd the assailants. Xaintrailles there
Spread fear and death, and Orleans' valiant son
Fought as when Warwick fled before his arm.
O'er all pre-eminent for hardiest deeds
Was Conrade. Where he drove his battle-axe,
Weak was the buckler or the helm's defence,
Hauberk, or plated mail, thro' all it pierced,
Resistless as the forked flash of heaven.
The death-doom'd foe, who mark'd the coming chief,
Felt such a chill run thro' his shivering frame,
As the night-traveller of the Pyrenées,
Lone and bewildered on his wintery way,
When from the mountains round reverberates

The hungry wolves' deep yell: on every side,
Their fierce eyes gleaming as with meteor fires,
The famish'd troop come round: the affrighted mule
Snorts loud with terror, on his shuddering limbs
The big sweat starts, convulsive pant his sides,
Then on he rushes, wild in desperate speed.

Him dealing death an English knight beheld,
And spurr'd his steed to crush him: Conrade leap'd
Lightly aside, and thro' the warrior's grieves
Fix'd a deep wound: nor longer could the foe,
Tortur'd with anguish, guide his mettled horse,
Or his rude plunge endure; headlong he fell,
And perish'd. In his castle-hall was hung
On high his father's shield, with many a dint
Graced on the glorious field of Agincourt.
His deeds the son had heard; and when a boy,
Listening delighted to the old man's tale,
His little hand would lift the weighty spear
In warlike pastime: he had left behind

An infant offspring, and did fondly deem.
He too in age the exploits of his youth
Should tell, and in the stripling's bosom rouse
The fire of glory.

Conrade the next foe
Smote where the heaving membrane separates
The chambers of the trunk. The dying man,
In his lord's castle dwelt, for many a year,
A well-beloved servant: he could sing
Carols for Shrove-tide, or for Candlemas,
Songs for the wassel, and when the boar's head,
Crown'd with gay garlands, and with rosemary,
Smok'd on the Christmas board: he went to war
Following the lord he lov'd, and saw him fall
Beneath the arm of Conrade, and expir'd,
Slain on his master's body.

Nor the fight
Was doubtful long. Fierce on the invading host
Press the French troops impetuous, as of old,
When, pouring o'er his legion slaves on Greece,

The eastern despot bridged the Hellespont,
The rushing sea against the mighty pile
Roll'd its full weight of waters; far away
The fearful Satrap mark'd on Asia's coasts
The floating fragments, and with ominous fear
Trembled for the great king.
Still Talbot strove,
His foot firm planted, his uplifted shield
Fencing that breast which never yet had known
The throb of fear. But when the warrior's eye,
Quick glancing round the fight, beheld the foe
Pressing to conquest, and his heartless troops
Striking with feebler force in backward step,
Then o'er his cheek he felt the patriot flush
Of shame, and loud he lifted up his voice,
And cried, " Fly, cravens! leave your aged chief
" Here in the front to perish! his old limbs
" Are not like yours so supple in the flight.
" Go tell your countrymen how ye escap'd
" When Talbot fell!"

In vain the warrior spake,
In the uproar of the fight his voice was lost;
And they, the nearest, who had heard, beheld
The martial Maid approach, and every thought
Was overwhelm'd in terror. But the son
Of Talbot mark'd her thus across the plain
Careering fierce in conquest, and the hope
Of glory rose within him. Her to meet
He spurr'd his horse, by one decisive deed
Or to retrieve the battle, or to fall
With honour. Each beneath the others blow
Bow'd down; their lances shiver'd with the shock:
To earth their coursers fell: at once they rose,
He from the saddle bow his falchion caught
Rushing to closer combat, and she bar'd
The lightning of her sword. In vain the youth
Essay'd to pierce those arms which even the power
Of time was weak to injure: she the while
Thro' many a wound beheld her foeman's blood
Ooze fast. "Yet save thee, warrior!" cried the Maid,

" Me thou canst not destroy: be timely wise,
" And live!" He answer'd not, but lifting high
His weapon, drove with fierce and forceful arm
Full on the Virgin's helm: fire from her eyes
Flash'd with the stroke: one step she back recoil'd,
Then in his breast plunged deep the sword of death.

Talbot beheld his fall; on the next foe,
With rage and anguish wild, the warrior turn'd;
His ill-directed weapon to the earth
Drove down the unwounded Frank: he lifts the sword
And thro' his all-in-vain imploring hands
Cleaves the poor suppliant. On that dreadful day
The sword of Talbot, clogg'd with hostile gore,
Made good its vaunt. Amid the heaps his arm
Had slain, the chieftain stood and sway'd around
His furious strokes: nor ceas'd he from the fight,
Tho' now discomfited the English troops
Fled fast, all panic-struck and spiritless;
And mingling with the routed, Fastolffe fled,

Fastolffe, all fierce and haughty as he was,
False to his former fame; for he beheld
The Maiden rushing onward, and such fear
Ran thro' his frame, as thrills the African,
When, grateful solace in the sultry hour,
He rises on the buoyant billow's breast,
If then his eye behold the monster shark
Gape eager to devour.
But Talbot now
A moment paus'd, for bending thitherwards
He mark'd a warrior, such as well might ask
His utmost force. Of strong and stately port
The onward foeman mov'd, and bore on high
A battle-axe, in many a field of blood
Known by the English chieftain. Over heaps
Of slaughter'd, strode the Frank, and bade the troops
Retire from the bold earl: then Conrade spake.
"Vain is thy valour, Talbot! look around,
"See where thy squadrons fly! but thou shalt lose

" No glory, by their cowardice subdued,
" Performing well thyself the soldier's part."

" And let them fly!" the indignant earl exclaimed,
" And let them fly! but bear thou witness, chief!
" That guiltless of this day's disgrace, I fall.
" But, Frenchman! Talbot will not tamely fall,
" Nor unrevenged."
So saying, for the war
He stood prepar'd: nor now with heedless rage
The champions fought, for either knew full well
His foeman's prowess: now they aim the blow
Insidious, with quick change then drive the steel
Fierce on the side expos'd. The unfaithful arms
Yield to the strong-driven edge; the blood streams down
Their batter'd mails. With swift eye Conrade mark'd
The lifted buckler, and beneath impell'd
His battle-axe; that instant on his helm

The sword of Talbot fell, and with the blow
Shiver'd. "Yet yield thee, Englishman!" exclaim'd
The generous Frank, "vain is this bloody strife:
"Me shouldst thou conquer, little would my death
"Avail thee, weak and wounded!"
"Long enough
"Talbot has liv'd," replied the sullen chief:
"His hour is come; yet shalt not thou survive
"To glory in his fall!" So, as he spake,
He lifted from the ground a massy spear,
And rush'd again to battle.
Now more fierce
The conflict raged, for careless of himself,
And desperate, Talbot fought. Collected still
Was Conrade. Whereso'er his foeman aim'd
His barbed javelin, there he swung around
The guardian shield: the long and vain assault
Exhausted Talbot now; foredone with toil
He bare his buckler low for weariness,
His buckler now splinter'd with many a stroke

Fell piecemeal; from his riven arms the blood
Stream'd fast: and now the Frenchman's battle-axe
Drove unresisted thro' the shieldless mail.
Backward the Frank recoil'd. "Urge not to death
"This fruitless contest!" he exclaimed: "Oh chief!
"Are there not those in England who would feel
"Keen anguish at thy loss? a wife perchance
"Who trembles for thy safety, or a child
"Needing a father's care!"
Then Talbot's heart
Smote him. "Warrior!" he cried, "if thou dost think
"That life is worth preserving, hie thee hence,
"And save thyself: I loath this useless talk."

So saying, he address'd him to the fight,
Impatient of existence: from their arms
Fire flash'd, and quick they panted; but not long
Endur'd the deadly combat. With full force
Down thro' his shoulder even to the chest,

Conrade impell'd the ponderous battle-axe;
And at that instant underneath his shield
Receiv'd the hostile spear. Prone fell the earl,
Even in his death rejoicing that no foe
Should live to boast his fall.
Then with faint hand
Conrade unlaced his helm, and from his brow
Wiping the cold dews, ominous of death,
He laid him on the earth, thence to remove,
While the long lance hung heavy in his side,
Powerless. As thus beside his lifeless foe
He lay, the herald of the English earl
With faltering step drew near, and when he saw
His master's arms, "Alas! and is it you,
"My lord?" he cried. "God pardon you your sins!
"I have been forty years your officer,
"And time it is I should surrender now
"The ensigns of my office!" So he said,
And paying thus his rite of sepulture,
Threw o'er the slaughter'd chief his blazon'd coat.

Then Conrade thus bespake him: "Englishman,
"Do for a dying soldier one kind act!
"Seek for the Maid of Orleans, bid her haste
"Hither, and thou shalt gain what recompence
"It pleases thee to ask."
The herald soon
Meeting the mission'd Virgin, told his tale.
Trembling she hasten'd on, and when she knew
The death-pale face of Conrade, scarce could *JOAN*
Lift up the expiring warrior's heavy hand,
And press it to her heart.
"I sent for thee,
"My friend!" with interrupted voice he cried,
"That I might comfort this my dying hour
"With one good deed. A fair domain is mine,
"Let Francis and his Isabel possess
"That, mine inheritance." He paus'd awhile,
Struggling for utterance; then with breathless speed,
And pale as him he mourn'd for, Francis came,
And hung in silence o'er the blameless man,

Even with a brother's sorrow: he pursued,
" This *JOAN* will be thy care. I have at home
" An aged mother—Francis, do thou soothe
" Her childless age. Nay, weep not for me thus:
" Sweet to the wretched is the tomb's repose!"

So saying Conrade drew the javelin forth,
And died without a groan.

By this the scouts,
Forerunning the king's march, upon the plain
Of Patay had arrived, of late so gay
With marshall'd thousands in their radiant arms,
And streamers glittering in the noon-tide sun,
And blazon'd shields, and gay accoutrements,
The pageantry of slaughter: now defil'd
With mingled dust and blood, and broken arms,
And mangled bodies. Soon the monarch joins
His victor army. Round the royal flag,
Uprear'd in conquest now, the chieftains flock
Proffering their eager service. To his arms,

Or wisely fearful, or by speedy force
Compell'd, the embattled towns submit and own
Their rightful king. Baugenci strives in vain:
Yenville and Mehun yield; from Sully's wall
Hurl'd is the banner'd lion: on they pass,
Auxerre, and Troyes, and Chalons, ope their gates,
And by the mission'd Maiden's rumour'd deeds
Inspirited, the citizens of Rheims
Feel their own strength; against the English troops
With patriot valour, irresistible,
They rise, they conquer, and to their liege lord
Present the city keys.

The morn was fair
When Rheims re-echoed to the busy hum
Of multitudes, for high solemnity
Assembled. To the holy fabric moves
The long procession, thro' the streets bestrewn
With flowers and laurel boughs. The courtier throng
Were there, and they in Orleans, who endured
The siege right bravely; Gaucour, and La Hire,

The gallant Xaintrailles, Boussac, and Chabannes,
La Fayette, name that freedom still shall love,
Alenson, and the bravest of the brave,
The Bastard Orleans, now in hope elate,
Soon to release from hard captivity
A dear beloved brother; gallant men,
And worthy of eternal memory,
For they, in the most perilous times of France,
Despair'd not of their country. By the king
The delegated damsel pass'd along
Clad in her batter'd arms. She bore on high
Her hallowed banner to the sacred pile,
And fix'd it on the altar, whilst her hand
Pour'd on the monarch's head the mystic oil,
Wafted of yore by milk-white dove from heaven,
(So legends say) to Clovis when he stood
At Rheims for baptism; dubious since that day,
When Tolbiac plain reek'd with his warrior's blood,
And fierce upon their flight the Almanni prest,
And reared the shout of triumph; in that hour

Clovis invok'd aloud the Christian God
And conquer'd: wak'd to wonder thus, the chief
Became love's convert, and Clotilda led
Her husband to the font.
The mission'd Maid
Then placed on Charles's brow the crown of France,
And back retiring, gaz'd upon the king
One moment, quickly scanning all the past,
Till in a tumult of wild wonderment
She wept aloud. The assembled multitude
In awful stillness witness'd: then at once,
As with a tempest-rushing noise of winds,
Lifted their mingled clamours. Now the Maid
Stood as prepar'd to speak, and wav'd her hand,
And instant silence followed.
" King of France!"
She cried, " At Chinon, when my gifted eye
" Knew thee disguis'd, what inwardly the spirit
" Prompted, I spake; arm'd with the sword of God
" To drive from Orleans far the English wolves,

" And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims.
" All is accomplished. I have here this day
" Fulfill'd my mission, and anointed thee
" Chief servant of the people. Of this charge,
" Or well perform'd or wickedly, high Heaven
" Shall take account. If that thine heart be good,
" I know no limit to the happiness
" Thou may'st create. I do beseech thee, king!"
The Maid exclaim'd, and fell upon the ground
And clasp'd his knees, " I do beseech thee, king!
" By all the millions that depend on thee,
" For weal or woe,.. consider what thou art,
" And know thy duty! if thou dost oppress
" Thy people, if to aggrandize thyself
" Thou tear'st them from their homes, and sendest
them
" To slaughter, prodigal of misery!
" If when the widow and the orphan groan
" In want and wretchedness, thou turnest thee
" To hear the music of the flatterer's tongue;

" If when thou hear'st of thousands massacred,
" Thou say'st, 'I am a king! and fit it is
" That these should perish for me;'..if thy realm
" Should, thro' the counsels of thy government,
" Be filled with woe, and in thy streets be heard
" The voice of mourning and the feeble cry
" Of asking hunger; if at such a time
" Thou dost behold thy plenty-covered board,
" And shroud thee in thy robes of royalty,
" And say that all is well,.. Oh, gracious God!
" Be merciful to such a monstrous man,
" When the spirits of the murdered innocent
" Cry at thy throne for justice!
" King of France!
" Protect the lowly, feed the hungry ones,
" And be the orphan's father! thus shalt thou
" Become the representative of Heaven,
" And gratitude and love establish thus
" Thy reign. Believe me, king! that hireling guards,
" Tho' flesh'd in slaughter, will be weak to save

" A tyrant on the blood-cemented throne
" That totters underneath him."

Thus the Maid
Redeem'd her country. Ever may the All-Just
Give to the arms of Freedom such success.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Page 1.—*Strong were the English forts.*

THE patience and perseverance of a besieging army in those ages appear almost incredible to us now. The camp of Ferdinand before Granada swelled into a city. Edward III. made a market town before Calais. Upon the captain's refusal to surrender, says Barnes, "he began to entrench himself strongly about the city, setting his own tent directly against the chief gates at which he intended to enter; then he placed bastions between the town and the river, and set out regular streets, and reared up decent buildings of strong timber between the trenches, which he covered with thatch, reed, broom and skins. Thus he encompassed the whole town of Calais, from Risban on the northwest side to Courgaine on the northeast, all along by Sangate, at Port and Fort de Nicolay, commonly by the English called Newland-bridge, down by Hammes, Cologne and Marke; so that his camp looked like a spacious city, and was usually by strangers, that came thither to market, called New Calais. For this prince's reputation for justice was so great, that to his markets (which he held in his camp twice every week, viz. on Tuesdays

and Saturdays for flesh, fish, bread, wine and ale, with cloth and all other necessaries), there came not only his friends and allies from England, Flanders and Aquitain, but even many of king Philip's subjects and confederates conveyed thither their cattle and other commodities to be sold."

Page 2.—*Entering with his eye.*

Nunc lentus, celsis adstans in collibus, intrat
Urbem oculis, discitque locos caussasque locorum.
Silius Italicus, xii. 567.

Page 3.—*Unburnish'd and defil'd.*

Abjecere madentes,
Sicut erant, clypeos; nec quisquam spicula tersit,
Nec laudavit equum, nitidæ nec cassidis altam
Compsit adornavitque jubam.
Statius.

Page 7.—*When the war of beasts.*

Ipsam, Mænaliâ puerum cum vidit in umbrâ,
Dianam, tenero signantem gramina passu,
Ignovisse ferunt comiti, Dictæaque tela
Ipsam, et Amyclæas humeris aptasse pharetras.
——— tædet nemorum, titulumque nocentem.
Sanguinis humani pudor est nescire sagittas.
Statius. IV. 256.

Page 7.—*Here Gladdisdale.*

Gladdisdale must be the sir William Glansdale of Shakspeare. Henry VI. Part I. Stowe calls him William Gladesdale.

It is proper to remark that I have introduced no fictitious names among the killed. They may all be found in the various histories.

Page 8.—*The balista.*

Neque enim solis excussa lacertis
Lancea, sed tenso balistæ turbine rapta,
Haud unum contenta latus transire, quiescit;
Sed pandens perque arma viam, perque ossa, relictâ
Morte fugit: superest telo post vulnera cursus.

Lucan. III.

Vegetius says, that the balista discharged darts with such rapidity and violence, that nothing could resist their force. This engine was used particularly to discharge darts of a surprising length and weight, and often many small ones together. Its form was not unlike that of a broken bow; it had two arms, but strait and not curve like those of a cross-bow, of which the whole acting force consists in bending the bow. That of the balista as well as of the catapulta, lies in its cords.

Rollin.

Page 8.—*Where by the bayle's embattled wall.*

The bayle or lists was a space on the outside of the

ditch, surrounded by strong pallisades, and sometimes by a low embattled wall. In the attack of fortresses, as the range of the machines then in use did not exceed the distance of four stadia, the besiegers did not carry on their approaches by means of trenches, but begun their operations above ground, with the attack of the bayle or lists, where many feats of chivalry were performed by the knights and men at arms, who considered the assault of that work as particularly belonging to them, the weight of their armour preventing them from scaling the walls. As this part was attacked by the knights and men at arms, it was also defended by those of the same rank in the place, whence many single combats were fought here. This was at the first investing of the place.

Grose.

Page 8.—*A rude coat of mail.*

In France only persons of a certain estate, called *un fief de hauber*, were permitted to wear a hauberk, which was the armour of a knight. Esquires might only wear a simple coat of mail without the hood and hose. Had this aristocratic distinction consisted in the ornamental part of the arms alone, it would not have been objectionable. In the enlightened and free states of Greece, every soldier was well provided with defensive arms. In Rome, a civic wreath was the reward of him who should save the life of a citizen. But to use the words of Dr. Gillies, "the miserable peasants of modern Europe

are exposed without defence as without remorse, by the ambition of men, whom the Greeks would have stiled tyrants."

Page 8.—*The rude-featur'd helm.*

The burgonet, which represented the shape of the head and features.

Page 9.—*On his crown-crested helm.*

Earls and dukes frequently wore their coronets on the crests of their helmets. At the battle of Agincourt Henry wore "a bright helmet, whereupon was set a crowne of gold, repleate with pearle and precious stones, marvellous rich."

Stowe.

Page 9.—*And against the iron fence beneath.*

A breast-plate was sometimes worn under the hauberk.

Page 11.—*With an active bound.*

The nature of this barrier has been explained in a previous note. The possibility of leaping upon it is exemplified in the following adventure, which is characteristic of the period in which it happened (1370).

"At that time there was done an extraordinary feat of arms by a Scotch knight, named sir John Assueton, being one of those men of arms of Scotland, who had

now entered king Edward's pay. This man left his rank with his spear in his hand, his page riding behind him, and went towards the barriers of Noyon, where he alighted, saying, 'Here hold my horse, and stir not from hence;' and so he came to the barriers. There were there at that time sir John de Roye, and sir Lancelot de Lorris with ten or twelve more, who all wondered what this knight designed to do. He for his part being close at the barriers said unto them, 'Gentlemen, I am come hither to visit you, and because I see you will not come forth of your barriers to me, I will come in to you, if I may, and prove my knighthood against you. Win me if you can.' And with that he leaped over the bars, and began to lay about him like a lion, he at them and they at him; so that he alone fought thus against them all for near the space of an hour, and hurt several of them. And all the while those of the town beheld with much delight from the walls and their garret windows his great activity, strength and courage; but they offered not to do him any hurt, as they might very easily have done, if they had been minded to cast stones or darts at him: but the French knights charged them to the contrary, saying 'How they should let them alone to deal with him.' When matters had continued thus about an hour, the Scotch page came to the barriers with his master's horse in his hand, and said in his language, 'Sir, pray come away, it is high time for you to leave off now: for the army is marched off out of sight.' The knight heard his man,

and then gave two or three terrible strokes about him to clear the way, and so, armed as he was, he leaped back again over the barriers and mounted his horse, having not received any hurt; and turning to the Frenchmen, said, 'Adieu, sirs! I thank you for my diversion.' And with that he rode after his man upon the spur towards the army."

Joshua Barnes.

Page 12.—*The iron weight swung high.*

Le massue est un bâton gros comme le bras, ayant à l'un de ses bouts une forte courroie pour tenir l'arme et l'empêcher de glisser, et à l'autre trois chaînons de fer, auxquels pend un boulet pesant huit livres. Il n'y a pas d'homme aujourd'hui capable de manier une telle arme.

Le Grand.

The arms of the Medici family "are romantically referred to Averardo de Medici, a commander under Charlemagne, who for his valour in destroying the gigantic plunderer Mugello, by whom the surrounding country was laid waste, was honoured with the privilege of bearing for his arms six *palle* or balls, as characteristic of the iron balls that hung from the mace of his fierce antagonist, the impression of which remained on his shield."

Roscoe.

Scudery enumerates the mace among the instruments

of war, in a passage whose concluding line may vie with any bathos of sir Richard Blackmore.

La confusément frappent de toutes parts
Pierres, piques, espieux, masses, flêches et dards,
Lances et javelots, sabres et marteaux d'armes,
Dangereuses instruments des guerrieres alarmes.

Alaric.

Page 14.—*Which open'd on the wall.*

Vitruvius observes, in treating upon fortified walls, that near the towers the walls should be cut within-side the breadth of the tower, and that the ways broke in this manner should only be joined and continued by beams laid upon the two extremities, without being made fast with iron; that in case the enemy should make himself master of any part of the wall, the besieged might remove this wooden bridge, and thereby prevent his passage to the other parts of the wall and into the towers.

Rollin.

The precaution recommended by Vitruvius had not been observed in the construction of the English walls. On each side of every tower, a small door opened upon the wall; and the garrison of one tower are represented in the poem as flying by this way from one to shelter themselves in the other. With the enterprising spirit and the defensive arms of chivalry, the subsequent events will not be found to exceed probability.

Page 16.—*O'erbrow'd by no out-jutting parapet.*

The machicolation: a projection over the gate-way of a town or castle, contrived for letting fall great weights, scalding water, &c. on the heads of any assailants who might have got close to the gate. "Machecollare, or machecoulare," says Coke, "is to make a warlike device over a gate or other passage like to a grate, through which scalding water, or ponderous or offensive things may be cast upon the assaylants."

Page 17.—*And hurl'd its sever'd point.*

I have met with one instance in the English history, and only one, of throwing the spear after the manner of the ancients. It is in Stowe's chronicle. "1442. The 30th of January, a challenge was done in Smithfield within lists, before the king; the one sir Philip de Beawse of Arragon a knight, and the other an esquire of the king's house called John Ausley or Astley. These comming to the fielde, tooke their tents, and there was the knight's sonne made knight by the king, and so brought again to his father's tent. Then the heralds of armes called them by name to doe their battell, and so they came both, all armed, with their weapons; the knight came with his sword drawn, and the esquire with his speare. The esquire cast his speare against the knight, but the knight avoiding it with his sword, cast it to the ground. Then the esquire took his axe and went against the knight suddenly, on whom he stroke many strokes, hard and sore upon his basenet, and on

his hand, and made him loose and let fall his axe to the ground, and brast up his limbes three-times, and caught his dagger and would have smitten him in the face, for to have slaine him in the field; and then the king cried hoo, and so they were departed and went to their tents, and the king dubbed John Astley knight for his valiant torney, and the knight of Arragon offered his armes at Windsor."

Page 17.—*Full on the corselet.*

The corselet was chiefly worn by pikemen.

Page 24.—*A harlot! .. an adultress!*

This woman, who is always respectably named in French history, had her punishment both in herself and in her child.

"This fair Agnes had been five years in the service of the queen, during which she had enjoyed all the pleasures of life, in wearing rich clothes, furred robes, golden chains, and precious stones; and it was commonly reported that the king often visited her, and maintained her in a state of concubinage, for the people are more inclined to speak ill than well of their superiors.

"The affection the king showed her was as much for her gaiety of temper, pleasing manners, and agreeable conversation, as for her beauty. She was so beautiful that she was called the Fairest of the Fair, and the Lady of Beaute, as well on account of her personal charms, as because the king had given her for life the castle of

Beaute near Paris. She was very charitable, and most liberal in her alms, which she distributed among such churches as were out of repair, and to beggars. It is true that Agnes had a daughter who lived but a short time, which she said was the king's, and gave it to him as the proper father; but the king always excused himself as not having any claim to it. She may indeed have called in help, for the matter was variously talked of.

"At length she was seized with a bowel complaint, and was a long time ill, during which she was very contrite, and sincerely repented of her sins. She often remembered Mary Magdalin, who had been a great sinner, and devoutly invoked God and the virgin Mary to her aid like a true catholic: after she had received the sacraments, she called for her book of prayers, in which she had written with her own hand the verses of St. Bernard to repeat them. She then made many gifts (which were put down in writing, that her executors might fulfil them, with the other articles of her will), which including alms and the payment of her servants might amount to nearly sixty thousand crowns.

"Her executors were Jacques Coeur, councellor and master of the wardrobe to the king, master Robert Poictevin physician, and master Stephen Chevalier treasurer to the king, who was to take the lead in the fulfilment of her will should it be his gracious pleasure.

"The fair Agnes, perceiving that she was daily growing weaker, said to the lord de la Trimouille, the

lady of the seneschal of Poitou, and one of the king's equeries called Gouffier, in the presence of all her damsels, that our fragile life was but a stinking ordure.

"She then required that her confessor would give her absolution from all her sins and wickedness, conformable to an absolution, which was, as she said, at Loches, which the confessor on her assurance complied with. After this she uttered a loud shriek, and called on the mercy of God and the support of the blessed virgin Mary, and gave up the ghost on Monday the 9th day of February, in the year 1449, about six o'clock in the afternoon. Her body was opened, and her heart interred in the church of the said abbey, to which she had been a most liberal benefactress; and her body was conveyed with many honours to Loches, where it was interred in the collegiate church of our Lady, to which also she had made many handsome donations and several foundations. May God have mercy on her soul, and admit it into Paradise."

Monstrelet, vol. ix. p. 97.

On the 13th day of June, the seneschal of Normandy, count of Maulevrier, and son to the late sir Pierre de Breze killed at the battle of Montlehery, went to the village of Romiers, near Dourdan, which belonged to him, for the sake of hunting. He took with him his lady, the princess Charlotte of France, natural daughter of the late king Charles the VII. by Agnes Sorel. After the chace, when they were returned to Romiers to sup and lodge, the seneschal retired to a single-bedded room

for the night; his lady retired also to another chamber, when moved by her disorderly passions (as the husband said) she called to her a gentleman from Poitou, named Pierre de la Vergne, who was head huntsman to the seneschal, and made him lie with her. This was told to the seneschal by the master of his household, called Pierre l' Apothicaire; when he instantly arose, and taking his sword, broke open the door of the chamber where his lady and the huntsman were in bed. The huntsman started up in his shirt, and the seneschal gave him first a severe blow with his sword on the head, and then thrust it through his body, and killed him on the spot. This done, he went into an adjoining room where his children lay, and finding his wife hid under the coverlid of their bed, dragged her thence by the arm along the ground, and struck her between the shoulders with his sword. On her raising herself on her knees he ran his sword through her breast, and she fell down dead. He sent her body for interment to the abbey of Coulens, where her obsequies were performed, and he caused the huntsman to be buried in the garden of the house wherein he had been killed.

Monstrelet, vol. ii. p. 233.

Page 25.—*And would that I had liv'd.*

Μηκετ' επειτ' οφελον εγω ανδρασι μετεειναι
Ανδρασιν, αλλ' η προσθε θανειν η επειτα γενεσθαι.
Νυν γαρ δη γενος εστι σιδηρεον· ουδε κεν ημαρ
Παυσονται καμοντε και οιζυος, ουδε τι νυκτωρ,
φθειρομενοι. ΗΣΙΟΔΟΣ.

Page 27.—*Then was that noble heart of Douglas pierced.*

The heart of Bruce was, by his own dying will, entrusted to Douglas to bear it to Jerusalem. This is one of the finest stories in the whole period of chivalrous history. Douglas inshrined the heart in a golden case, and wore it round his neck; he landed in Spain on his way, and stopt to assist the Castilians against the Moors,—probably during the siege of Algeziras. There in the heat of action he took the heart from his neck and cast it into the thick of the enemy, exclaiming, as Barbour has it,

> "Now pass thou forth before,
> As thou wast wont in fight to be,
> And I shall follow or else die."

In this action he perished, and from that time the bloody heart has been borne by the family.

Page 37.—*Pillow'd the helmed head.*

Il n'est rien de si doux, pour des cœurs pleins de gloire,
Que la paisible nuit qui suit une victoire,
Dormir sur un trophee, est un charmant repos,
Et le champ de bataille est le lict d'un heros.

Scudery. Alaric.

The night after a battle is certainly more agreeable than the night before one. A soldier may use his shield for a pillow, but he must be very ingenious to sleep upon a trophy.

Page 39.—*Gazing with such a look.*

With a dumb silence seeming that it fears
The thing it went about to effectuate.

Daniel.

Page 41.—*Play'd o'er his cheeks black paleness.*

"*Noiré pasleur.*"

Le Moyne. St. Louis. Liv. xvi.

Page 45.—*From the barbican.*

Next the bayle was the ditch, foss, graff, or mote: generally where it could be a wet one, and pretty deep. The passage over it was by a draw-bridge, covered by an advance work called a barbican. The barbican was sometimes beyond the ditch that covered the draw-bridge, and in towns and large fortresses had frequently a ditch and draw-bridge of its own.

Grose.

Page 45.—*Or from the embattled wall.*

The outermost walls enclosing towns or fortresses were commonly perpendicular, or had a very small external talus. They were flanked by semi-circular, polygonal, or square towers, commonly about forty or fifty yards distant from each other. Within were steps to mount the terre-pleine of the walls or rampart, which were always defended by an embattled or crenellated parapet.

Grose.

The fortifications of the middle-ages differed in this respect from those of the ancients. When the besiegers had gained the summit of the wall, the descent on the other side was safe and easy. But "the ancients did not generally support their walls on the inside with earth, in the manner of the talus or slope, which made the attacks more dangerous. For though the enemy had gained some footing upon them, he could not assure himself of taking the city. It was necessary to get down, and to make use of some of the ladders by which he had mounted; and that descent exposed the soldier to very great danger."

Rollin.

Page 45.—*Behind the guardian pavais fenced.*

The pavais, or pavache, was a large shield, or rather a portable mantlet, capable of covering a man from head to foot, and probably of sufficient thickness to resist the missive weapons then in use. These were in sieges carried by servants, whose business it was to cover their masters with them, whilst they, with their bows and arrows, shot at the enemy on the ramparts. As this must have been a service of danger, it was that perhaps which made the office of scutifer honourable. The pavais was rectangular at the bottom, but rounded off above: it was sometimes supported by props.

Grose.

Page 45.—*With all their mangonels.*

Mangonels is a term comprehending all the smaller engines.

Page 45.—*Or tortoises.*

The tortoise was a machine composed of very strong and solid timber work. The height of it to its highest beam, which sustained the roof, was twelve feet. The base was square, and each of its fronts twenty-five feet. It was covered with a kind of quilted mattress made of raw hides, and prepared with different drugs to prevent its being set on fire by combustibles. This heavy machine was supported upon four wheels, or perhaps upon eight. It was called tortoise from its serving as a very strong covering and defence against the enormous weights thrown down on it; those under it being safe in the same manner as a tortoise under his shell. It was used both to fill up the fosse, and for sapping. It may not be improper to add, that it is believed, so enormous a weight could not be moved from place to place on wheels and that it was pushed forward on rollers. Under these wheels or rollers, the way was laid with strong planks to facilitate its motion, and prevent its sinking into the ground, from whence it would have been very difficult to have removed it. The ancients have observed that the roof had a thicker covering of hides, hurdles, sea-weed, &c. than the sides, as it was exposed to much greater shocks from the weights thrown upon it by the besieged. It had a door in front, which

was drawn up by a chain as far as was necessary, and covered the soldiers at work in filling up the fosse with fascines.

Rollin.

This is the tortoise of the ancients, but that of the middle ages differed from it in nothing material.

Page 46.—*A dreadful train.*

"The besiegers having carried the bayle, brought up their machines and established themselves in the counterscarp, began under cover of their cats, sows, or tortoises, to drain the ditch, if a wet one, and also to fill it up with hurdles and fascines, and level it for the passage of their moveable towers. Whilst this was doing, the archers, attended by young men carrying shields (pavoises), attempted with their arrows to drive the besieged from the towers and ramparts, being themselves covered by these portable mantlets. The garrison on their part essayed by the discharge of machines, cross and long bows, to keep the enemy at a distance.

Grose.

Page 46.—*The chief a cross-bow held.*

The cross-bow was some time laid aside in obedience to a decree of the second Lateran council held in 1139. "Artem illam mortiferam et Deo odibilem ballistariorum adversus christianos & catholicos exercere de cætero sub anathemate prohibemus." This weapon was again introduced into our armies by Richard I. who being

slain with a quarrel shot from one of them, at the siege of the castle of Chaluz in Normandy, it was considered as a judgment from heaven inflicted upon him for his impiety. Guilliaume le Breton relating the death of this king, puts the following into the mouth of Atropos:

Hâc volo, non aliâ Richardum morte perire
Ut qui Francigenis ballistæ primitus usum
Tradidit, ipse, sui rem primitus experiatur,
Quemque alios docuit in se vim sentiat artis.

Grose.

Page 47.—*Who kneeling by the trebuchet.*

From the trebuchet they discharged many stones at once by a sling. It acted by means of a great weight fastened to the short arm of a lever, which being let fall, raised the end of the long arm with a great velocity. A man is represented kneeling to load one of these in an ivory carving, supposed to be of the age of Edward II.

Grose.

Page 48.—*He in the groove the feather'd quarrel placed.*

Quarrels, or carreaux, were so called from their heads, which were square pyramids of iron.

Page 50.—*The watery fence.*

The tortoises, &c. and moveable towers having reached the walls, the besiegers under them either began to mine, or batter them with the ram. They also established batteries of balistas and mangonels on the

counterscarp. These were opposed by those of the enemy.

Page 50.—*Or charging with huge stones the murderous sling.*

The matafunda.

Page 50.— ——*or in the espringal*
Fix the brass-winged arrows.

The espringal threw large darts called muchettæ, sometimes winged with brass instead of feathers. Procopius says that because feathers could not be put to the large darts discharged from the balista, the ancients used pieces of wood six inches thick, which had the same effect.

Page 51.—*From some huge martinet.*

Le lendemain vindrent deux maistres engingneurs au duc de Normandie, qui dirent que, si on leur vouloit livrer boys et ouvriers, ilz feroient quatre eschauffaulx et haulx que on meneroit aux murs du chastel, et seroient si haulz q'lz surmonteroient les murs. Le duc commanda qlz le feissent, et fist prendre tous les charpentiers du pays, et payer largement. Si furent faitz ces quatre eschauffaulx en quatre grosses nefz, mais on y mist longuement et cousterent grans deniers. Si y fist on les gens entrer q'a ceulx du chastel devoient combattre. Quant ilz eurent passe la moitié de la reviere, ceulx du chastel desclinquerent quatre martinetz qlz avoient faitz nouvellement pour remedier

contre lesditz eschauffaulx. Ces quatre martinetz gettoient si grosses pierres et si souvent sur ces eschauffaulx qlz furent bien tost froissez tant que les gensdarmes et ceulx que les conduisoient ne se peurent dedans garantir. Si se retirerent arriere le plus tost quilz peurent. Et ainçois qlz fussent oultre la reviere lung des eschauffaulx fut enfondre au fons de leaue.

Froissart. I. fueillet 82.

Page 51.—*A moving tower the men of Orleans wheel.*

The following extract from the History of Edward III, by Joshua Barnes will convey a full idea of these moving towers. "Now the earl of Darby had layn before Reule more than nine weeks, in which time he had made two vast belfroys or bastilles of massy timber, with three stages or floors; each of the belfroys running on four huge wheels, bound about with thick hoops of iron; and the sides and other parts that any ways respected the town were covered with raw hides, thick laid, to defend the engines from fire and shot. In every one of these stages were placed an hundred archers, and between the two bastilles, there were two hundred men with pick-axes and mattocks. From these six stages six hundred archers shot so fiercely all together, that no man could appear at his defence without a sufficient punishment: so that the belfreys being brought upon wheels by the strength of men over a part of the ditch, which was purposely made plain and level by the faggots and earth and stones cast upon them, the two

hundred pioneers plyed their work so well under the protection of these engines, that they made a considerable breach through the walls of the town.

Page 52.—*Of archers, thro' the opening; shot their shafts.*

The archers and cross-bowmen from the upper stories in the moveable towers essayed to drive away the garrison from the parapets, and on a proper opportunity to let fall a bridge, by that means to enter the town. In the bottom story was often a large ram.

Grose.

Page 52.—*And from the arbulist the fire-tipt dart.*

Against the moveable tower there were many modes of defence. The chief was to break up the ground over which it was to pass, or by undermining it to overthrow it. Attempts were likewise made to set it on fire, to prevent which it was covered with raw hides, or coated over with alum.

Grose.

Page 54.—*The bridge reclines.*

These bridges are described by Rollin in the account of the moving towers which he gives from Vegetius. "The moving towers are made of an assemblage of beams and strong planks, not unlike a house. To secure them against the fires thrown by the besieged, they are covered with raw hides, or with pieces of cloth made of hair. Their height is in proportion to their

base. They are sometimes thirty feet square, and sometimes forty or fifty. They are higher than the walls or even towers of the city. They are supported upon several wheels according to mechanic principles, by the means of which the machine is easily made to move, how great soever it may be. The town is in great danger if this tower can approach the walls; for it has stairs from one story to another, and includes different methods of attack. At bottom it has a ram to batter the wall, and on the middle story a draw-bridge, made of two beams with rails of basket-work, which lets down easily upon the wall of a city, when within the reach of it. The besiegers pass upon this bridge, to make themselves masters of the wall. Upon the higher stories are soldiers armed with partisans and missive weapons, who keep a perpetual discharge upon the works. When affairs are in this posture, a place seldom held out long. For what can they hope who have nothing to confide in but the height of their ramparts, when they see others suddenly appear which command them?"

The towers or belfreys of modern times rarely exceeded three or four stages or stories.

Page 57.—*The brass-winged darts.*

These darts were called viretons, from their whirling about in the air.

Page 58.—*When grappling with his monstrous enemy,*

"And here, with leave bespoken to recite a grand fable, though dignifyed by our best poets, while Brutus on a certain festival day, solemnly kept on that shore where he first landed, was with the people in great jollity and mirth, a crew of these savages breaking in among them, began on the sudden another sort of game than at such a meeting was expected. But at length by many hands overcome; Goemagog the hugest, in height twelve cubits, is reserved alive, that with him Corineus who desired nothing more, might try his strength; whom in a wrestle the giant catching aloft, with a terrible hugg broke three of his ribs: nevertheless Corineus enraged heaving him up by main force, and on his shoulders bearing him to the next high rock, *threw him headlong all shattered into the sea*, and left his name on the cliff, called ever since Langoemagog, which is to say, the giant's leap."

Milton.

The expression *brute vastness* is taken from the same work of Milton, where he relates the death of Morindus: "Well fitted to such a beastial cruelty was his end; for hearing of a huge monster that from the Irish sea infested the coast, and in the pride of his strength foolishly attempting to set manly valour against a brute vastness, when his weapons were all in vain, by that horrible mouth he was catched up and devoured."

Page 60.—*This is a favour.*

"The tournelles adjoining to the bridge was kept by Glacidas (one of the most resolute captains among the English), having well encouraged his men to defend themselves and to fight for their lives.

"The skirmish begins at nine of the clock in the morning, and the ladders are planted. A storm of English arrows falls upon our men with such violence as they recoiled. 'How now!' saith the Virgin, 'have we begun so well to end so ill? let us charge! they are our own, seeing God is on our side!' so every one recovering his forces, flocks about the Virgin. The English double the storm upon the thickest of the troops. The Virgin fighting in the foremost ranks and encouraging her men to do well was shot through the arm with an arrow; she, nothing amazed, takes the arrow in one hand and her sword in the other, 'This is a favour!' says she, 'let us go on! they cannot escape the hand of GOD!'"

Chapelain has dilated this exclamation of the Maid into a ridiculous speech.

Quoy! valeureux Guerriers, quoy! dans vostre avantage
Un peu de sang perdu vous fait perdre courage!
Pour moy, je le repute a supreme bonheur,
Et dans ce petit mal je trouve un grand honneur;
Le succes, bien qu'heureux, n'eust en rien d'honnorable,
Si le Ciel n'eust permis un coup si favorable;
Vous n'en verres pas moins vos bras victorieux,
J'en verray seulement mon nom plus glorieux.

Page 61.—*Was Glacidas.*

I can make nothing English of this name. Monstrellet calls him Clacedas and Clasendas. Daniel says the principal leaders of the English were Suffolk, Talbot, Scales, Fastolffe, et un nommè Glacidas ou Clacidas, dont le mérite suppléant à la naissance, l'avoit fait parvenir aux prémieres charges de l'armée.

The importance attached to a second name is well exemplified by an extract in Selden, relating to "the creation of Robert earle of Glocester natural sonne to king Henry I. The king having speech with Mabile the sole daughter and heire of Robert Fitz Hayman lord of Glocester, told her (as it is reported in an old English rithmical story attributed to one Robert of Glocester), that

—he seold his sone to her spousing avonge,
The maid was ther agen, and withsaid it long.
The king of sought her suith ynou, so that atten ende
Mabile him answered, as gode maide and hendé,
Sir, heo sede, well ichot, that your hert ope mè is,
More vor mine heritage than vor my sulve iwis.
So vair eritage as ich abbe, it were me grete shame,
Vor to abbe an louerd, bote he had an toname.
Sir Roberd le Fitz Haim my faders name was,
And that ne might nought be his that of his kunne nought nas,
Therefore, sir, vor Godes love, ne let me no mon owe,
Bote he abbe an twoname war thoru he be iknowe.
Damoysale, quoth the king, thou seist well in this case,
Sir Roberd dé Fitz Haim thy fader twoname was;

And as udir twoname he shall abbe, gif me him may bise
Sir Roberd de Fitz Rey is name shall be.
Sire, quoth this maid tho, that is a vaire name
As who seith all his life and of great fame,
Ae wat shold his sonne hote thanne and he that of him come,
So ne might hii hote, whereof nameth gone.
The king understood that the maid ne sede no outrage,
And that Gloucestre was chief of ire heritage.
Dameseile he sede tho, thi louerd shall have a name
Vor him and vor his heirs vair without blame,
Vor Roberd earle of Gloucestre is name shall be and his,
Vor he shall be earle of Gloucestre and his heirs iwis.
Sire, quoth this maid tho, weil liketh me this
In this forme ichole that all my gode be his.
Thus was earle of Gloucestre first imade there
Ae his Roberd of all thulke that long bivore were,
This was end leve hundred yeare, and in the ninth yeer right
After that ure louerd was in his moder a hight.

Selden's Titles of Honor.

Page 61.—*Seeking the inner court.*

On entering the outer gate, the next part that presented itself was the outer ballium, or bailey, separated from the inner ballium by a strong embattled wall and towered gate.

Page 65.—*The engines showered their sheets of liquid fire.*

When the Black Prince attacked the castle of Romorantin, "there was slain hard by him an English esquire named Jacob Bernard, whereat the prince was so displeased, that he took his most solemn oath, and sware by his father's soul not to leave the siege, till he had the castle and all within at his mercy. Then the assault was renewed much hotter than ever, till at last the prince saw there was no likelihood of prevailing that way. Wherefore presently he gave order to raise certain engines, wherewith they cast combustible matter enflamed after the manner of wild fire into the base court so fast and in such quantities, that at last the whole court seemed to be one huge fire. Whereupon the excessive heat prevailed so, that it took hold of the roof of a great tower, which was covered with reed, and so began to spread over all the castle. Now therefore when these valiant captains within saw, that of necessity they must either submit entirely to the prince's courtesy, or perish by the most merciless of elements, they all together came down and yielded themselves absolutely to his grace."

Joshua Barnes.

Page 70.—*I have not rear'd the oriflamme of death.*

The oriflamme was a standard erected to denote that no quarter would be given. It is said to have been of red silk, adorned and beaten with very broad and fair

lilies of gold, and bordered about with gold and vermillion. Le Moyne has given it a suitable escort:

Ensuite l'oriflamme ardent et lumineuse,
Marche sur un grand char, dont la forme est affreuse.
Quatre enormes dragons d'un or ombre ecaillez,
Et de pourpre, d'azur, et de vert emaillez,
Dans quelque occasion que le besoin le porte,
Luy font une pompeuse et formidable escorte.
Dans leur terribles yeux des grenas arrondis,
De leur feu, de leur sang, font peur aux plus hardis.
Et si ce feu paroist allumer leur audace,
Aussi paroist ce sang animer leur menace.
Le char roulant sous eux, il semble au roulement,
Qu'il les fasse voler avecque sifflement:
Et de la poudre, en l'air, il se fait des fumées
A leur bouches du vent et du bruit animées.

Philip is said by some historians to have erected the oriflamme at Crecy, where Edward in return raised up his burning dragon, the English signal for massacre. The oriflamme was originally used only in wars against the Infidels, for it was a sacred banner, and believed to have been sent from Heaven.

Page 71.—*Seized on the French—an universal cry.*

At this woman's voice amidst the sound of war, the combat grows very hot. Our men, greatly encouraged by the Virgin, run headlong to the bastion and force a point thereof; then fire and stones rain so violently, as the English being amazed, forsake their defences:

some are slain upon the place, some throw themselves down headlong, and fly to the tower upon the bridge. In the end this brave Glacidas abandons this quarter, and retires into the base court upon the bridge, and after him a great number of his soldiers. The bridge greatly shaken with artillery, tryed by fire, and overcharged with the weight of this multitude, sinks into the water with a fearful cry, carrying all this multitude with it.

De Serres.

This circumstance has been magnified into a miracle. "The French, for the most part, draw the institution of the order of St. Michael principally from a purpose that Charles had to make it, after the apparition of the archangel upon Orleans bridge, as the tutelary angell of France assisting against the English in 1428."

Selden's Titles of Honour.

The expressions are somewhat curious in the patent of this, *L'ordre de Monsieur St. Michael Archange.* Louis XI. instituted it "à la gloire et louange de Dieu nostre createur tout puissant, et reverence de la glorieuse vierge Marie, à l'honneur et reverence de St. Michael, *premier chevalier*, qui par la querelle de Dieu, battaile contre l'ancien enemy de l'humain lignage, et le fit tresbucher de Ciel."

Page 75.—*The ascending flames.*

Lesdictes bastiles et fortresses furent prestement arses et demolies jusques en terre, affin que nulles gens de

guerre de quelconque pays quilz soient ne si peussent plus loger.

Monstrellet. II. f. 48.

Page 76.—*Silence itself was dreadful.*

Un cry, que le besoin ou la peur fait jetter,
Et les airs agités les peuvent agiter.
Une haleine, un souspir et mesme le silence
Aux chefs, comme aux soldats, font perdre l'assurance.

Chapelain. L. ix.

Page 76.—*On that foul priest.*

The parliament, when Henry V. demanded a supply, entreated him to seize all the ecclesiastical revenues, and convert them to the use of the crown. The clergy were alarmed, and Chichely, archbishop of Canterbury, endeavoured to divert the blow, by giving occupation to the king, and by persuading him to undertake a war against France.

Hume.

The archbishop of Bourges explained to the king, in the hall of the bishop of Winchester, and in the presence of the dukes of Clarence, Bedford and Gloucester, brothers to the king, and of the lords of the council, clergy, chivalry and populace, the objects of his embassy. The archbishop spoke first in Latin, and then in the Walloon language, so eloquently and wisely, that both English and French who heard him were greatly surprised. At the conclusion of his harangue he made

offers to the king of a large sum of ready money on his marriage with the princess Catherine, but on condition that he would disband the army he had collected at Southampton, and at the adjacent sea-ports, to invade France; and that by these means an eternal peace would be established between the two kingdoms.

The assembly broke up when the archbishop had ended his speech, and the French ambassadors were kindly entertained at dinner by the king, who then appointed a day for them to receive his answers to their propositions by the mouth of the archbishop of Canterbury.

In the course of the archbishop's speech, in which he replied, article by article, to what the archbishop of Bourges had offered, he added to some and passed over others of them, so that he was sharply interrupted by the archbishop of Bourges, who exclaimed, "I did not say so, but such were my words." The conclusion, however, was, that unless the king of France would give, as a marriage-portion with his daughter, the duchies of Acquitaine, of Normandy, of Anjou, of Tours, the counties of Ponthieu, Maine and Poitou, and every other part that had formerly belonged to the English monarchs, the king would not desist from his intended invasion of France, but would despoil the whole of that kingdom which had been unjustly detained from him; and that he should depend on his sword for the accomplishment of the above, and for depriving king Charles of his crown.

The king avowed what the archbishop had said, and added, that thus, with God's aid, he would act; and promised it on the word of a king. The archbishop of Bourges then, according to the custom in France, demanded permission to speak, and said, " O king! how canst thou, consistently with honour and justice, thus wish to dethrone and iniquitously destroy the most christian king of the French, our very dear lord and most excellent of all the kings in christendom. O king! with all due reverence and respect, dost thou think that he has offered by me such extent of territory, and so large a sum of money with his daughter in marriage, through any fear of thee, thy subjects or allies? By no means; but, moved by pity and his love of peace, he has made these offers to avoid the shedding of innocent blood, and that Christian people may not be overwhelmed in the miseries of war; for whenever thou shalt make thy promised attempt he will call upon God, the blessed Virgin, and on all the saints, making his appeal to them for the justice of his cause; and with their aid, and the support of his loyal subjects and faithful allies, thou wilt be driven out of his dominions, or thou wilt be made prisoner, or thou wilt there suffer death by orders of that just king whose ambassadors we are.

" We have now only to intreat of thee that thou wouldst have us safely conducted out of thy realm; and that thou wouldst write to our said king, under thy hand and seal, the answer which thou hast had given to us."

The king kindly granted their request; and the ambassadors, having received handsome presents, returned by way of Dover to Calais and thence to Paris.

Monstrelet, vol. iv. p. 129.

Within a few days after the expiration of the truce, king Henry, whose preparations were now completed, sent one of his heralds, called Glocester, to Paris, to deliver letters to the king, of which the contents were as follows.

"To the very noble prince Charles, our cousin and adversary of France, Henry, by the grace of God, king of England and of France. To give to every one what is their due, is a work of inspiration and wise council, very noble prince, our cousin and adversary. The noble kingdoms of England and France were formerly united, now they are divided. At that time it was customary for each person to exalt his name by glorious victories, and by this single virtue to extol the honour of God, to whom holiness belongs, and to give peace to his church, by subjecting in battle the enemies of the public weal; but alas! good faith among kindred and brotherly love have been perverted, and Lot persecutes Abraham by human imputation, and Dissention, the mother of Anger, has been raised from the dead.

"We, however, appeal to the sovereign Judge, who is neither swayed by prayers nor gifts from doing right, that we have, from pure affection, done every thing in our power to preserve the peace; and we must now rely on the sword for regaining what is justly our herit-

age, and those rights which have from old time belonged to us; and we feel such assurance in our courage, that we will fight till death in the cause of justice.

"The written law in the book of Deuteronomy ordains, that before any person commences an attack on a city he shall first offer terms of peace; and although violence has detained from us our rightful inheritances, charity, however, induces us to attempt, by fair means, their recovery; for should justice be denied us, we may then resort to arms.

"And to avoid having our conscience affected by this matter, we make our personal request to you, and exhort you, by the bowels of Jesus Christ, to follow the dictates of his evangelical doctrine. Friend, restore what thou owest, for such is the will of God to prevent the effusion of the blood of man, who was created in his likeness. Such restitution of rights, cruelly torn from us, and which we have so frequently demanded by our ambassadors, will be agreeable to the supreme God, and secure peace on earth.

"From our love of peace we were inclined to refuse fifty thousand golden crowns lately offered us; for being more desirous of peace than riches, we have preferred enjoying the patrimony left us by our venerable ancestors, with our very dear cousin Catherine, your noble daughter, to iniquitously multiplying our treasures, and thus disgracing the honour of our crown, which God forbid!

"Given under our privy seal, in our castle of Southampton, the 5th day of the month of August."

Monstrelet, vol. iv. p. 137.

Page 76.—*Sure that holy hermit spake.*

While Henry V. lay at the siege of Dreux, an honest hermit unknown to him, came and told him the great evils he brought upon christendom by his unjust ambition, who usurped the kingdom of France, against all manner of right, and contrary to the will of God; wherefore in his holy name he threatened him with a severe and sudden punishment, if he desisted not from his enterprize. Henry took this exhortation either as an idle whimsey, or a suggestion of the Dauphin's, and was but the more confirmed in his design. But the blow soon followed the threatening; for within some few months after, he was smitten in the fundament with a strange and incurable disease.

Mezeray.

Page 78.—*The hour of vengeance.*

——— Reseraverat antrum
Tartareus Rector pallens, utque arma nefanda
Spectarent, caperentque sui solatia fati,
Invisas illuc Libyes emiserat umbras;
Undique consedere arvis, nigraque corona
Infecere diem, versatilis umbra Jugurthæ,
Annibalis sævi Manes, captique Syphacis,

Qui nunc eversas secum Carthaginis arces
Ignovere Deis, postquam feralia campi
Prælia Thapsiaci, et Latios videre furores.

Supplementum Lucani. Lib. III.

I am not conscious of having imitated these lines; but I would not lose the opportunity of quoting so fine a passage from Thomas May, an author to whom I owe some obligations, and who is not remembered as his merits deserve. May himself has imitated Valerius Flaccus, tho' he has greatly surpassed him.

Et pater orantes cæsorum Tartarus umbras,
Nube cavâ, tandem ad meritæ spectacula pugnæ
Emittit; summi nigrescunt culmina montis.

Page 78.—*Man unassisted 'gainst the powers of hell.*

To some, says Speed, it may appear more honourable to our nation, that they were not to be expelled by a human power, but by a divine, extraordinarily revealing itself.

Page 79.—*For by their numbers now made bold in fear.*

Nec pavidum murmur; consensu audacia crevit,
Tantaque turba metu pœnarum solvit ab omni.

Sup. Lucani.

Page 80.—*Joy ran thro' all the troops.*

In Rymer's Fœdera are two proclamations, one "contra capitaneos et soldarios tergiversantes, incantationibus Puellæ terrificatos;" the other, "de fugitivis

ab exercitu quos terriculamenta Puellæ exanimaverant, arestandis."

Page 81.—*The social bowl.*

Ronsard remarks,

Rien n'est meilleur pour l'homme soulager
Apres le mal, que le boire et manger.

Franciade.

Page 87.—*Unplumed casquetel.*

A lighter kind of helmet.

Page 87.—*Hung from her neck the shield.*

The shield was often worn thus. "Among the Frenchmen there was a young lusty esquire of Gascoigne, named William Marchant, who came out among the foremost into the field, well mounted, his shield about his neck, and his spear in his hand."

Barnes.

This is frequently alluded to in romance. "Then the knight of the burning sword stept forward, and lifting up his arm as if he would strike Cynocephal on the top of his head, seized with his left hand on the shield, which he pulled to him with so much strength, that plucking it from his neck he brought him to the ground."

Amadis de Greece.

Sometimes the shield was laced to the shoulder.

The shield of the middle ages must not be confounded with that of the ancients. The knight might easily

bear his small shield around his neck; but the Grecian warrior stood *protecting his thighs and his legs, his breast also and his shoulders with the body of his broad shield.*

Μηρυς τε κνημας τε κατω και στερνα και ωμυς
Ασπιδος ευρειης γαστρι καλυψαμενος.

ΤΥΡΤΑΙΟΣ.

But the most convenient shields were used by
Ceux qu'on voit demeurer dans les iles Alandes,
Qui portent pour pavois, des escailles si grandes,
Que lors qu'il faut camper, le soldat qui s'en sert
En fait comme une hutte, et s'y met à couvert.

Alaric.

Page 90.—*An armet.*

The armet or chapelle de fer was an iron hat, occasionally put on by knights when they retired from the heat of the battle to take breath, and at times when they could not with propriety go unarmed.

Page 96.—*Fix'd their last kisses on their armed hands.*

Sed contra Œnotria pubes
Non ullas voces ducis aut præcepta requirit.
Sat matres stimulant, natique, et ca..a supinas
Tendentum palmas lacrimantiaque ora parentum.
Ostentant parvos, vagituque incita pulsant
Corda virûm, armatis infigunt oscula dextris.

Silius Italicus. xii. 587.

Page 106.—*He brake a sullen smile.*

" She sternly shook her dewy locks, and brake
" A melancholy smile."

Quarles.

Page 108.— ———*then on the herald*
A robe rich-furr'd and broider'd he bestow'd.

When the armies of England and France lay in the plain between Vironfosse and Flemenguere, 1339, Edward sent to demand a day of battle of the French king. " An herald of the duke of Gueldres, being well skilled in the French tongue, was sent on this errand: he rode forth till he came to the French host, where being admitted before the king and his council, he spake aloud these words, 'Sir, the king of England is here hard by in the fields, and desires to fight you power against power; and if you please to appoint him a day he will not fail to meet you upon the word of a king.' This message being thus delivered, king Philip yielded either to give or take battle two days after, and in token of his acceptance of the news, richly rewarded the herald with furred gowns, and other gifts bestowed on him, as well by himself as others, the princes and lords of his host, and so dismissed him again."

Barnes.

Page 108.—*And at the third deep sound.*

Every man was warned to rise from sleep at the first sound of the trumpet; at the second to arm without

delay, and at the third to take horse in his due place under the colours.

Barnes.

Page 108.—*To shrive them.*

Religious ceremonies seem to have preceded all settled engagements at this period. On the night before the battle of Crecy "King Edward made a supper in his royal pavilion for all his chief barons, lords and captains: at which he appeared wonderful chearful and pleasant, to the great encouragement of his people. But when they were all dismissed to their several quarters, the king himself retired into his private oratory, and came before the altar, and there prostrated himself to Almighty God and devoutly prayed, 'That of his infinite goodness he would vouchsafe to look down on the justice of his cause, and remember his unfeigned endeavours for a reconcilement, altho' they had all been rendered frustrate by his enemies: that if he should be brought to a battle the next day, it would please him of his great mercy to grant him the victory, as his trust was only in him, and in the right which he had given him.' Being thus armed with faith, about midnight he laid himself upon a pallet or mattress to take a little repose; but he arose again betimes and heard mass, with his son the young prince, and received absolution, and the body and blood of his redeemer, as did the prince also, and most of the lords and others who were so disposed."

Barnes.

Thus also before the battle of Agincourt "after prayers and supplications of the king, his priests and people done with great devotion, the king of England in the morning very early set forth his hosts in array."

Stowe.

Page 108.—*The shield of dignity.*

The roundel. A shield too weak for service which was borne before the general of an army.

Page 110.—*They might meet the battle.*

The conduct of the English on the morning of the battle of Crecy is followed in the text. "All things being thus ordered, every lord and captain under his own banner and pennon, and the ranks duly settled, the valourous young king mounted on a lusty white hobby, and with a white wand in his hand, rode between his two marshalls from rank to rank, and from one battalia unto another, exhorting and encouraging every man that day to defend and maintain his right and honour: and this he did with so chearful a countenance, and with such sweet and obliging words, that even the most faint-hearted of the army were sufficiently assured thereby. By that time the English were thus prepared, it was nine o'clock in the morning, and then the king commanded them all to take their refreshment of meat and drink, which being done, with small disturbance they all repaired to their colours again, and then laid themselves in their order upon the dry and warm grass,

with their bows and helmets by their side, to be more fresh and vigorous upon the approach of the enemy."

Joshua Barnes.

The English before the battle of Azincour "fell prostrate to the ground, and committed themselves to God, every of them tooke in his mouth a little piece of earth, in remembrance that they were mortall and made of earth, as also in remembrance of the holy communion."

Stowe.

Page 113.—*To see the pennons rolling their long waves*
Before the gale, and banners broad and bright.

The pennon was long, ending in two points, the banner square. "Un seigneur n'etoit banneret et ne pouvoit porter la banniere quarrée, que lors qu'il pouvoit entretenir a ses depens un certain nombre de chevaliers et d'Ecuyers, avec leur suite a la guerre: jusques-la son etendard avoit deux queues ou fanons, et, quand il devenoit plus puissant, son souverain coupoit lui-meme les fanons de son etendard, pour le rendre quarré."

Comte de Tressan.

An incident before the battle of Nagera exemplifies this. "As the two armies approached near together, the prince went over a little hill, in the descending whereof he saw plainly his enemies marching toward him: wherefore when the whole army was come over this mountain, he commanded that there they should make an halt, and so fit themselves for fight. At that instant the lord John Chandos brought his ensign folded

up, and offered it to the prince, saying, 'Sir, here is my guidon; I request your highness to display it abroad, and to give me leave to raise it this day as my banner; for I thank God and your highness, I have lands and possessions sufficient to maintain it withall.' Then the prince took the pennon, and having cut off the tail, made it a square banner, and this done, both he and king Don Pedro for the greater honour, holding it between their hands displayed it abroad, it being or, a sharp pile gules: and then the prince delivered it unto the lord Chandos again, saying, 'Sir John, behold here is your banner. God send you much joy and honour with it.' And thus being made a knight banneret, the lord Chandos returned to the head of his men, and said, 'Here, gentlemen, behold my banner and yours. Take and keep it, to your honour and mine.' And so they took it with a shout, and said by the grace of God and St. George they would defend it to the best of their powers. But the banner remained in the hands of a gallant English esquire named William Allestry, who bore it all that day, and acquitted himself in the service right honourably."

Barnes.

Page 113.—*Vidames.*

This title frequently occurs in the French Chronicles; it was peculiar to France, "the vidame or vicedominus being to the bishop in his temporals as the vicecomes or vicount anciently to the earle, in his judicials."

Peter Heylyn.

Page 113.—*And silken surcoats to the mid-day sun Glittering.*

Joshua Barnes seems to have been greatly impressed with the splendour of such a spectacle. "It was a glorious and ravishing sight, no doubt," says he, "to behold these two armies standing thus regularly embattled in the field, their banners and standards waving in the wind, their proud horses barbed, and kings, lords, knights, and esquires richly armed, and all shining in their surcoats of satin and embroidery."

Thus also at Poictiers, "there you might have beheld a most beautiful sight of fair harness, of shining steel, feathered crests of glittering helmets, and the rich embroidery of silken surcoats of arms, together with golden standards, banners and pennons gloriously moving in the air."

And at Nagera "the sun being now risen, it was a ravishing sight to behold the armies, and the sun reflecting from their bright steel and shining armour. For in those days the cavalry were generally armed in mail or polished steel at all points, and besides that, the nobility wore over their armour rich surcoats of silk and satin embroidery, whereon was curiously sticht or beaten, the arms of their house, whether in colour or metal."

Page 113.—*And their dear country's weal.*

Nos ancestres, et notamment du temps de la guerre des Anglois, en combats solemnels et journées assignées, se mettoient la plus-part du temp tous à pied; pour ne

se fier à autre chose qu' à leur force propre et vigueur de leur courage et de leur membres, de chose si chere que l'honneur et la vie.

Montaigne. Liv. i. c. 48.

In the battle of Patay, Monstrellet says, "les François moult de pres mirènt pied à terre, et descendirent la plus grand partie de leur chevaulx."

In *El Cavallero Determinado*, an allegorical romance translated from the French of Olivier de la Marche by Hernando de Acuna, Barcelona, 1565, this custom is referred to by Understanding, when giving the knight directions for his combat with Atropos.

En esto es mi parecer
Que en cavallo no te fies;
Por lo qual has de entender
Que de ninguno confies
Tu lymosna y bien hazer.

Page 113.—*Their javelins lessen'd to a wieldy length.*

Thus at Poictiers, "the three battails being all ready ranged in the field, and every lord in his due place under his own banner, command was given that all men should put off their spurs, and cut their spears to five foot length, as most commodious for such who had left their horses."

Barnes.

Page 114.—*Hræsvelger starting.*

Hræsvelgr vocatur
Qui sedet in extremitate cœli,
Gigas exuvias amictus aquilæ:
Ex ejus alis
Ferunt venire ventum
Omnes super homines.

Vafthrudnismal.

Where the Heavens remotest bound
With darkness is encompassed round,
There Hræsvelger sits and swings
The tempest from his eagle wings.

The Edda of Sæmund, translated by A. S. Cottle.

At the promontory of Malea on the ruins of the Temple of Apollo, there is a chapel built to the honour of Michael the archangel. Here we could not but laugh at the foolish superstition of the sailors, who say, when the wind blows from that place, that it is occasioned by the violent motion of Michael's wings, because forsooth, he is painted with wings. And for that reason, when they sail by Michael they pray to him that he may hold his wings still.

Baumgarten.

Page 116.—*Or with the lance protended from his front.*

In a combat fought in Smithfield 1467, between the lord Scales and the bastard of Burgoyne, "the lord Scales' horse had on his chafron a long sharp pike of steele, and as the two champions coaped together, the

same horse thrust his pike into the nostrills of the bastard's horse, so that for very paine, he mounted so high that he fell on the one side with his master."

Stowe.

This weapon is mentioned by Lope de Vega, and by an old Scotch poet.

Unicornia el cavallo parecia
Con el fuerte pyramide delante,
Que en medio del boçal resplandecia
Como si fuera punta de diamante.

Jerusalen Conquistada. l. 10.

His horse in fyne sandel was trapped to the hele.
And, in his chéveron biforne,
Stode as an unicorne,
Als sharp as a thorne,
An anlas of stele.

Sir Gawan and Sir Galaron.

The Abyssinians use it at this day; Bruce says it is a very troublesome useless piece of their armour.

Page 118.—*To snatch the shield of death.*

Thus did Juba catch up the shield of death to defend himself from ignominy.

Cleopatra.

Page 118.—*Their tower of strength.*

Ωσπερ γαρ μιν πυργον εν οφθαλμοισιν ορωσιν.

ΤΥΡΤΑΙΟΣ.

Quarles has made this expression somewhat ludicrous by calling Sampson

Great army of men, the wonder of whose power
Gives thee the title of a walking tower.

Page 121.—*And when the boar's head.*

Two carols for this occasion are preserved in Mr. Ritson's valuable collection of Ancient Songs. The first of these, here alluded to, is as follows:

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes domino.
The bore's heed in hand bring I
With garlands gay and rosemary,
I pray you all synge merely
Qui estis in convivio.

The bore's heed I understande
Is the chefe servyce in this lande,
Loke where ever it be fande
Servite cum cantico.

Be gladde lordes bothe more and lasse
For this hath ordeyned our stewarde,
To chere you all this christmasse
The bore's heed with mustarde.

When Henry II. had his eldest son crowned as fellow with him in the kingdom, upon the day of coronation, king Henry, the father, served his son at the table as sewer, bringing up the bore's head with trumpets before

it, according to the manner; whereupon (according to the old adage,

Immutant mores homines cum dantur honores)

the young man conceiving a pride in his heart, beheld the standers-by with a more stately countenance than he had been wont. The archbishop of York who sat by him, marking his behaviour, turned unto him and said, "Be glad, my good son, there is not another prince in the world that hath such a sewer at his table." To this the new king answered as it were disdainfully thus: "Why doest thou marvel at that? my father in doing it thinketh it not more than beconfeth him, he being born of princely blood only on the mother's side, serveth me that am a king born, having both a king to my father and a queen to my mother." Thus the young man of an evil and perverse nature, was puffed up in pride by his father's unseemly doings.

But the king his father hearing his talk was very sorrowful in his mind, and said to the archbishop softly in his ear, "It repenteth me, it repenteth me, my lord, that I have thus advanced the boy." For he guessed hereby what a one he would prove afterward, that shewed himself so disobedient and forward already.

Holinshed.

Page 122.—*Are not like yours so supple in the flight.*

Τους δε παλαιοτερους, ων ηκιστ' γηρας' ιλαφρα,
Μη καταλειποντις φευγειν τους γεραιους

Αισχιον γαρ δη τουτο μετα πρωμαχοισι πεσοντα
Κεισθαι προσθε νεων ανδρα παλαιοτερον,
Ηδη λευκον εχοντα καρη, πολιον τε γενειον,
Θυμον αποπνειοντ' αλκιμον εν κονιη.

ΤΥΡΤΑΙΟΣ.

Page 123.—*He from the saddle bow his falchion caught.*

In the combat between Francus and Phouere, Ronsard says

—de la main leurs coutelas trouverent
Bien aiguisez qui de l' arçon pendoyent.

On this passage the commentator observes, "l' autheur arme ces deux chevaliers à la mode de nos gendarmes François, la lance en la main, la coutelace ou la mace à l' arçon, et l' espée au costé."

Thus Desmarests says of the troops of Clovis

A tous pend de l' arçon, à leur modè guerrierre,
Et la hache tranchante, et la masee meurtriere.

And when Clovis on foot and without a weapon hears the shrieks of a woman, he sees his horse

Jette l' œil sur l' arçon, et void luire sa hache.

Lope de Vega speaks of the sword being carried in the same manner, when he describes Don Juan de Aguila as

desatando del arçon la espada.

Page 123.—*The lightning of her sword.*

Desnudo el rayo de la ardiente espada.

Jerusalen Conquistada.

Page 124.—*The sword of Talbot.*

Talbot's sword, says Camden, was found in the river of Dordon, and sold by a peasant to an armourer of Bourdeaux, with this inscription,

Sum Talboti, M. IIII. C. XLIII.
Pro vincere inimicos meos.

But pardon the Latin, for it was not his, but his camping chaplains.—A sword with bad Latin upon it, but good steel within in, says Fuller.

It was not uncommon to bear a motto upon the sword. Lope de Vega describes that of Aguilar as bearing inlaid in gold, a verse of the psalms. It was, he says,

Mas famosa que fue de hombre cenida,
Para ocasiones del honor guardada,
Y en ultima defensa de la vida,
Y desde cuya guarnicion dorada
Hasta la punta la canal brunida
Tenia escrito de David un verso.
Nielado de oro en el azero terso.

Jerusalen Conquistada.

Page 125.—*Fastolffe, all fierce and haughty as he was.*

In the original letters published by Mr. Fenn, Fastolffe appears in a very unfavourable light. Henry Windsor writes thus of him, "hit is not unknown that cruelle and vengible he hath byn ever, and for the most part with oute pite and mercy. I can no more, but *vade et corripe eum*, for truly he cannot bryng about his matiers in this word *(world)*, for the word is not for him. I

suppose it wolnot chaunge yett be likelenes, but i beseche you sir help not to amend hym onely, but every other man yf ye kno any mo mysse disposed."

The order of the garter was taken from Fastolffe for his conduct at Patay. He suffered a more material loss in the money he expended in the service of the state. In 1455, £4083. 15. 7. were due to him for costs and charges during his services in France, "whereof the sayd Fastolffe hath had nouther payement nor assignation." So he complains.

Page 125.—*Battle-axe.*

In a battle between the Burgundians and Dauphinois near Abbeville (1421) Monstrellet especially notices the conduct of John Villain, who had that day been made a knight. He was a nobleman from Flanders, very tall, and of great bodily strength, and was mounted on a good horse, holding a battle-axe in both hands. Thus he pushed into the thickest part of the battle, and throwing the bridle on his horse's neck, gave such blows on all sides with his battle-axe, that whoever was struck was instantly unhorsed and wounded past recovery. In this way he met Poton de Xaintrailles, who, after the battle was over, declared the wonders he did, and that he got out of his reach as fast as he could.

Vol. v. p. 294.

Page 127.—*His buckler now splinter'd with many a stroke.*

L'écu des chevaliers était ordinairement un bouclier

de forme à peu près triangulaire, large par le haut pour couvrir le corps, et se terminant en pointe par le bas, afin d' être moins lourd. On les faisait de bois qu'on recouvrait avec du cuir bouilli, avec des nerfs ou autres matieres dures, mais jamais de fer ou d' acier. Seulement il était permis, pour les empêcher d' être coupés trop aisément par les epées, d'y mettre un cercle d' or, d' argent, ou de fer, qui les entourât.

Le Grand.

Page 129.—*Threw o'er the slaughter'd chief his blazon'd coat.*

This fact is mentioned in Andrews's History of England. I have merely versified the original expressions. "The herald of Talbot sought out his body among the slain. 'Alas, my lord! and is it you! I pray God pardon you all your misdoings. I have been your officer of arms forty years and more: it is time that I should surrender to you the ensigns of my office.' Thus saying, with the tears gushing from his eyes, he threw his coat of arms over the corpse, thus performing one of the ancient rites of sepulture."

Page 133.—*Pour'd on the monarch's head the mystic oil.*

"The Frenchmen wonderfully reverence this oyle; and at the coronation of their kings, fetch it from the church where it is kept, with great solemnity. For it is brought (saith Sleiden in his Commentaries) by the prior sitting on a white ambling palfrey, and attended by his monkes; the archbishop of the town (Rheims)

and such bishops as are present, going to the church door to meet it, and leaving for it with the prior some gage, and the king, when it is by the archbishop brought to the altar, bowing himself before it with great reverence."

Peter Heylyn.

THE VISION

OF

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

Divinity hath oftentimes descended
Upon our slumbers, and the blessed troupes
Have, in the calme and quiet of the soule,
Conversed with us.

SHIRLEY. *The Grateful Servant.*

The Vision was originally printed as the ninth book of *JOAN of ARC.* The plan and execution of that Poem were equally faulty; it has been repeatedly and laboriously corrected; but as the only apology for the great and numerous faults which unavoidably remain, I request the reader to recollect that it was first written at the age of nineteen, and published at the age of one and twenty.

R. S.

THE VISION

OF

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE FIRST BOOK.

ORLEANS was hush'd in sleep. Stretch'd on her couch
The delegated Maiden lay; with toil
Exhausted, and sore anguish, soon she clos'd
Her heavy eyelids; not reposing then,
For busy phantasy, in other scenes
Awakened: whether that superior powers,
By wise permission, prompt the midnight dream,
Instructing best the passive faculty;
Or that the soul, escaped its fleshly clog,
Flies free, and soars amid the invisible world,

And all things *are* that *seem*.

Along a moor,
Barren, and wide, and drear, and desolate,
She roam'd, a wanderer thro' the cheerless night.
Far thro' the silence of the unbroken plain
The bittern's boom was heard, hoarse, heavy, deep,
It made accordant music to the scene.
Black clouds, driven fast before the stormy wind,
Swept shadowing; thro' their broken folds the moon
Struggled at times with transitory ray,
And made the moving darkness visible.
And now arrived beside a fenny lake
She stands, amid whose stagnate waters, hoarse
The long reeds rustled to the gale of night.
An age-worn bark receives the Maid, impell'd
By powers unseen; then did the moon display
Where thro' the crazy vessel's yawning side
The muddy wave ooz'd in. A female guides,
And spreads the sail before the wind, which moan'd
As melancholy mournful to her ear,

As ever by the wretch was heard
Howling at evening round his prison towers.
Wan was the pilot's countenance, her eyes
Hollow, and her sunk cheeks were furrowed deep,
Channell'd by tears; a few grey locks hung down
Beneath her hood: and thro' the Maiden's veins
Chill crept the blood, for, as the night-breeze
pass'd,
Lifting her tatter'd mantle, coil'd around
She saw a serpent gnawing at her heart.

The plumeless bat with short shrill note flits by,
And the night-raven's scream came fitfully,
Borne on the hollow blast. Eager the Maid
Look'd to the shore, and now upon the bank
Leaps, joyful to escape, yet trembling still
In recollection.
There, a mouldering pile
Stretch'd its wide ruins, o'er the plain below

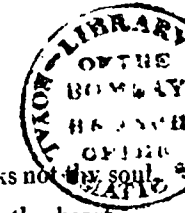
Casting a gloomy shade, save where the moon
Shone thro' its fretted windows: the dark yew,
Withering with age, branched there its naked roots,
And there the melancholy cypress rear'd
Its head; the earth was heav'd with many a mound,
And here and there a half-demolish'd tomb.

And now, amid the ruin's darkest shade,
The Virgin's eye beheld where pale blue flames
Rose wavering, now just gleaming from the earth,
And now in darkness drown'd. An aged man
Sate near, seated on what in long past days
Had been some sculptur'd monument, now fallen
And half-obscur'd by moss, and gather'd heaps
Of withered yew-leaves and earth-mouldering bones;
His eye was large and rayless, and fix'd full
Upon the Maid; the tomb-fires on his face
Shed a blue light; his face was of the hue
Of death; his limbs were mantled in a shroud.

Then with a deep heart-terrifying voice,
Exclaim'd the spectre, " Welcome to these realms,
" These regions of Despair! O thou whose steps
" Sorrow hath guided to my sad abodes,
" Welcome to my drear empire, to this gloom
" Eternal, to this everlasting night,
" Where never morning darts the enlivening ray,
" Where never shines the sun, but all is dark,
" Dark as the bosom of their gloomy king."

So saying he arose, and drawing on,
Her, to the abbey's inner ruin, led
Resistless. Thro' the broken roof the moon
Glimmer'd a scatter'd ray; the ivy twin'd
Round the dismantled column; imaged forms
Of saints and warlike chiefs, moss-canker'd now
And mutilate, lay strewn upon the ground,
With crumbled fragments, crucifixes fallen,
And rusted trophies. Meantime overhead

Roar'd the loud blast, and from the tower the owl
Scream'd as the tempest shook her secret nest.
He, silent, led her on, and often paus'd,
And pointed, that her eye might contemplate
At leisure the drear scene.
He dragged her on
Thro' a low iron door, down broken stairs;
Then a cold horror thro' the Maiden's frame
Crept, for she stood amid a vault, and saw,
By the sepulchral lamp's dim glaring light,
The fragments of the dead.
" Look here!" he cried,
" Damsel, look here! survey this house of death;
" O soon to tenant it! soon to increase
" These trophies of mortality! for hence
" Is no return. Gaze here! behold this skull,
" These eyeless sockets, and these unflesh'd jaws,
" That with their ghastly grinning, seem to mock
" Thy perishable charms; for thus thy cheek



" Must moulder. Child of grief! shrinks not thy soul,
" Viewing these horrors? trembles not thy heart
" At the dread thought, that here its life's-blood soon
" Shall stagnate, and the finely-fibred frame,
" Now warm in life and feeling, mingle soon
" With the cold clod? thing horrible to think,..
" Yet in thought only, for reality
" Is none of suffering here; here all is peace;
" No nerve will throb to anguish in the grave.
" Dreadful it is to think of losing life,
" But having lost, knowledge of loss is not,
" Therefore no ill. Haste, Maiden, to repose;
" Probe deep the seat of life."

So spake Despair.
The vaulted roof echoed his hollow voice,
And all again was silence. Quick her heart
Panted. He drew a dagger from his breast,
And cried again, " Haste Damsel to repose!
" One blow, and rest for ever!" On the fiend,
Dark scowl'd the Virgin with indignant eye,

And dash'd the dagger down. He next his heart
Replaced the murderous steel, and drew the Maid
Along the downward vault.
The damp earth gave
A dim sound as they pass'd: the tainted air
Was cold, and heavy with unwholesome dews.
" Behold!" the fiend exclaim'd, " how gradual here
" The fleshly burden of mortality
" Moulders to clay!" then fixing his broad eye
Full on her face, he pointed where a corpse
Lay livid; she beheld with loathing look,
The spectacle abhorr'd by living man.

" Look here!" Despair pursued, " this loathsome
mass
" Was once as lovely, and as full of life
" As, Damsel! thou art now. Those deep-sunk eyes
" Once beam'd the mild light of intelligence,
" And where thou seest the pamper'd flesh-worm trail,
" Once the white bosom heaved. She fondly thought

" That at the hallowed altar, soon the priest
" Should bless her coming union, and the torch
" Its joyful lustre o'er the hall of joy,
" Cast on her nuptial evening: earth to earth
" That priest consign'd her, for her lover went
" By glory lur'd to war, and perish'd there;
" Nor she endur'd to live. Ha! fades thy cheek?
" Dost thou then, Maiden, tremble at the tale?
" Look here! behold the youthful paramour!
" The self-devoted hero!"

Fearfully
The Maid look'd down, and saw the well-known face
Of Theodore! in thoughts unspeakable,
Convuls'd with horror, o'er her face she clasp'd
Her cold damp hands: " Shrink not," the phantom cried,
" Gaze on! for ever gaze!" more firm he grasp'd
Her quivering arm: " this lifeless mouldering clay,
" As well thou know'st, was warm with all the glow
" Of youth and love; this is the arm that cleaved

" Salisbury's proud crest, now motionless in death,
" Unable to protect the ravaged frame
" From the foul offspring of mortality
" That feed on heroes. Tho' long years were thine,
" Yet never more would life reanimate
" This murdered youth; murdered by thee! for thou
" Didst lead him to the battle from his home,
" Else living there in peace to good old age:
" In thy defence he died: strike deep! destroy
" Remorse with life."

The Maid stood motionless,
And, wistless what she did, with trembling hand
Received the dagger. Starting then, she cried,
" Avaunt, Despair! Eternal Wisdom deals
" Or peace to man, or misery, for his good
" Alike design'd; and shall the creature cry,
" 'Why hast thou done this?' and with impious pride
" Destroy the life God gave?"

The fiend rejoin'd,
" And thou dost deem it impious to destroy

" The life God gave? What, Maiden, is the lot
" Assigned to mortal man? born but to drag,
" Thro' life's long pilgrimage, the wearying load
" Of being; care-corroded at the heart;
" Assail'd by all the numerous train of ills
" That flesh inherits; till at length worn out,
" This is his consummation!—think again!
" What, Maiden, canst thou hope from lengthen'd life
" But lengthen'd sorrow? If protracted long,
" Till on the bed of death thy feeble limbs
" Stretch out their languid length, oh think what thoughts,
" What agonizing feelings, in that hour,
" Assail the sinking heart! slow beats the pulse,
" Dim grows the eye, and clammy drops bedew
" The shuddering frame; then in its mightiest force,
" Mightiest in impotence, the love of life
" Seizes the throbbing heart; the faltering lips
" Pour out the impious prayer, that fain would change
" The Unchangeable's decree; surrounding friends

" Sob round the sufferer, wet his cheek with tears,
" And all he loved in life embitters death!

" Such, Maiden, are the pangs that wait the hour
" Of calmest dissolution! yet weak man
" Dares, in his timid piety, to live;
" And veiling Fear in Superstition's garb,
" He calls her Resignation!
" Coward wretch!
" Fond coward; thus to make his reason war
" Against his reason! insect as he is,
" This sport of chance, this being of a day,
" Whose whole existence the next cloud may blast,
" Believes himself the care of heavenly powers,
" That God regards man, miserable man,
" And preaching thus of power and providence,
" Will crush the reptile that may cross his path!

" Fool that thou art! the Being that permits
" Existence, *gives* to man the worthless boon:

" A goodly gift to those who, fortune-blest,
" Bask in the sunshine of prosperity,
" And such do well to keep it. But to one
" Sick at the heart with misery, and sore
" With many a hard unmerited affliction,
" It is a hair that chains to wretchedness
" The slave who dares not burst it!
" Thinkest thou,
" The parent, if his child should unrecall'd
" Return and fall upon his neck, and cry,
" 'Oh! the wide world is comfortless, and full
" Of vacant joys and heart-consuming cares,
" I can be only happy in my home
" With thee—my friend!—my father!' Thinkest thou,
" That he would thrust him as an outcast forth?
" Oh! he would clasp the truant to his heart,
" And love the trespass."
Whilst he spake, his eye
Dwelt on the Maiden's cheek, and read her soul
Struggling within. In trembling doubt she stood,

Even as the wretch, whose famish'd entrails crave
Supply, before him sees the poison'd food
In greedy horror.

Yet, not silent long,
" Eloquent tempter cease!" the Maiden cried, . .
" What tho' affliction be my portion here,
" Thinkest thou I do not feel high thoughts of joy,
" Of heart-ennobling joy, when I look back
" Upon a life of duty well perform'd,
" Then lift mine eyes to Heaven, and there in faith
" Know my reward? . . . I grant, were this life all,
" Was there no morning to the tomb's long night,
" If man did mingle with the senseless clod,
" Himself as senseless, then wert thou indeed
" A wise and friendly comforter! . . But, fiend,
" There is a morning to the tomb's long night,
" A dawn of glory, a reward in heaven,
" He shall not gain who never merited.
" If thou didst know the worth of one good deed
" In life's last hour, thou would'st not bid me lose

" The power to benefit! if I but save
" A drowning fly, I shall not live in vain.
" I have great duties, fiend! me France expects,
" Her heaven-doom'd champion."
" Maiden, thou hast done
" Thy mission here," the unbaffled fiend replied:
" The foes are fled from Orleans: thou, perchance
" Exulting in the pride of victory,
" Forgettest him who perish'd! yet albeit
" Thy harden'd heart forget the gallant youth;
" That hour allotted canst thou not escape,
" That dreadful hour, when contumely and shame
" Shall sojourn in thy dungeon. Wretched Maid!
" Destin'd to drain the cup of bitterness,
" Even to its dregs! England's inhuman chiefs
" Shall scoff thy sorrows, blacken thy pure fame,
" Wit-wanton it with lewd barbarity,
" And force such burning blushes to the cheek
" Of virgin modesty, that thou shalt wish
" The earth might cover thee! in that last hour,

" When thy bruis'd breast shall heave beneath the chains
" That link thee to the stake; when o'er thy form
" Exposed unmantled, the brute multitude
" Shall gaze, and thou shalt hear the ribald taunt,
" More painful than the circling flames that scorch
" Each quivering member; wilt thou not in vain
" Then wish my friendly aid? then wish thine ear
" Had drank my words of comfort? that thy hand
" Had grasp'd the dagger, and in death preserved
" Insulted modesty?"

Her glowing cheek
Blush'd crimson; her wide eye on vacancy
Was fix'd; her breath short panted. The cold fiend,
Grasping her hand exclaim'd, " Too-timid Maid
" So long repugnant to the healing aid
" My friendship proffers, now shalt thou behold
" The allotted length of life."

He stamp'd the earth,
And dragging a huge coffin as his car,

Two Gouls came on, of form more fearful-foul
Than ever palsied in her wildest dream
Hag-ridden Superstition. Then Despair
Seiz'd on the Maid whose curdling blood stood still,
And placed her in the seat, and on they pass'd
Adown the deep descent. A meteor light
Shot from the dæmons, as they dragg'd along
The unwelcome load, and mark'd their brethren feast
On carcàsses.

Below, the vault dilates
Its ample bulk. "Look here!"—Despair addrest
The shuddering Virgin, "see the dome of Death!"
It was a spacious cavern, hewn amid
The entrails of the earth, as tho' to form
The grave of all mankind: no eye could reach,
Tho' gifted with the eagle's ample ken,
Its distant bounds. There, thron'd in darkness, dwelt
The unseen power of Death.

Here stopt the Gouls,
Reaching the destin'd spot. The fiend leapt out,

And from the coffin as he led the Maid,
Exclaim'd, " Where never yet stood mortal man,
" Thou standest: look around this boundless vault;
" Observe the dole that Nature deals to man,
" And learn to know thy friend."
She not replied,
Observing where the Fates their several tasks
Plied ceaseless. " Mark how long the shortest web
" Allow'd to man!" he cried; " observe how soon,
" Twin'd round yon never-resting wheel, they change
" Their snowy hue, darkening thro' many a shade,
" Till Atropos relentless shuts the sheers!"

Too true he spake, for of the countless threads,
Drawn from the heap, as white as unsunn'd snow,
Or as the lovely lily of the vale,
Was never one beyond the little span
Of infancy untainted: few there were
But lightly tinged; more of deep crimson hue,
Or deeper sable died. Two genii stood,

Still as the web of being was drawn forth,
Sprinkling their powerful drops. From ebon urn,
The one unsparing dash'd the bitter wave
Of woe; and as he dash'd, his dark-brown brow
Relax'd to a hard smile. The milder form
Shed less profusely there his lesser store;
Sometimes with tears increasing the scant boon,
Mourning the lot of man; and happy he
Who on his thread those precious drops receives;
If it be happiness to have the pulse
Throb fast with pity, and in such a world
Of wretchedness, the generous heart that aches
With anguish at the sight of human woe.

To her the fiend, well hoping now success,
" This is thy thread! observe how short the span,
" And see how copious yonder genius pours
" The bitter stream of woe." The Maiden saw
Fearless. " Now gaze!" the tempter fiend exclaim'd,
And placed again the poniard in her hand,

For Superstition, with sulphureal torch,
Stalk'd to the loom. " This, Damsel, is thy fate!
" The hour draws on—now drench the dagger deep!
" Now rush to happier worlds!"
The Maid replied,
" Or to prevent or change the will of Heaven,
" Impious I strive not: let that will be done!"

THE VISION

OF

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

SHE spake, and lo! celestial radiance beam'd
Amid the air, such odors wafting now
As erst came blended with the evening gale,
From Eden's bowers of bliss. An angel form
Stood by the Maid; his wings, ethereal white,
Flash'd like the diamond in the noon-tide sun,
Dazzling her mortal eye: all else appear'd
Her Theodore.

Amazed she saw: the fiend
Was fled, and on her ear the well-known voice

Sounded, tho' now more musically sweet
Than ever yet had thrill'd her charmed soul,
When eloquent affection fondly told
The day-dreams of delight.

" Beloved Maid!
" Lo! I am with thee! still thy Theodore!
" Hearts in the holy bands of love combin'd,
" Death has no power to sever. Thou art mine!
" A little while and thou shalt dwell with me,
" In scenes where sorrow is not. Cheerily
" Tread thou the path that leads thee to the grave,
" Rough tho' it be and painful, for the grave
" Is but the threshold of eternity.

" Favour'd of Heaven! to thee is given to view
" These secret realms. The bottom of the abyss
" Thou treadest, Maiden! Here the dungeons are
" Where bad men learn repentance! souls diseased
" Must have their remedy; and where disease
" Is rooted deep, the remedy is long

" Perforce, and painful."

Thus the spirit spake,
And led the Maid along a narrow path,
Dark gleaming to the light of far-off flames,
More dread than darkness. Soon the distant sound
Of clanking anvils, and the lengthen'd breath
Provoking fire are heard: and now they reach
A wide expanded den where all around
Tremendous furnaces, with hellish blaze,
Flam'd dreadful. At the heaving bellows stood
The meagre form of Care, and as he blew
To augment the fire, the fire augmented scorch'd
His wretched limbs: sleepless for ever thus
He toil'd and toil'd, of toil no end to know
But endless toil and never-ending woe.

An aged man went round the infernal vault,
Urging his workmen to their ceaseless task:
White were his locks, as is the wintry snow
On hoar Plinlimmon's head. A golden staff

His steps supported; powerful talisman,
Which whoso feels shall never feel again
The tear of pity, or the throb of love.
Touch'd but by this, the massy gates give way,
The buttress trembles, and the guarded wall,
Guarded in vain, submits. Him heathens erst
Had deified, and bowed the suppliant knee
To Plutus. Nor are now his votaries few,
Even tho' the blessed Teacher of mankind
Hath said, that easier thro' the needle's eye
Shall the huge camel pass, than the rich man
Enter the gates of heaven. "Ye cannot serve
"Your God, and worship Mammon."
"Mission'd Maid!"
So spake the angel, "know that these, whose hands
"Round each white furnace ply the unceasing toil,
"Were Mammon's slaves on earth. They did not spare
"To wring from poverty the hard-earn'd mite,
"They robb'd the orphan's pittance, they could see

" Want's asking eye unmov'd; and therefore these,
" Ranged round the furnace, still must persevere
" In Mammon's service; scorch'd by these fierce fires,
" And frequent deluged by the o'erboiling ore:
" Yet still so fram'd, that oft to quench their thirst
" Unquenchable, large draughts of molten gold
" They drink insatiate, still with pain renewed,
" Pain to destroy."

So saying, her he led
Forth from the dreadful cavern to a cell,
Brilliant with gem-born light. The rugged walls
Part gleam'd with gold, and part with silver ore
In milder radiance shone. The carbuncle
There its strong lustre like the flamy sun
Shot forth irradiate; from the earth beneath,
And from the roof there stream'd a diamond light;
Rubies and amethysts their glows commix'd
With the gay topaz, and the softer ray
Shot from the sapphire, and the emerald's hue,
And bright pyropus.

There on golden seats,
A numerous, sullen, melancholy train
Sat silent. " Maiden, these," said Theodore,
" Are they who let the love of wealth absorb
" All other passions; in their souls that vice
" Struck deeply-rooted, like the poison-tree
" That with its shade spreads barrenness around.
" These, Maid! were men by no atrocious crime
" Blacken'd, no fraud, nor ruffian violence:
" Men of fair dealing, and respectable
" On earth, but such as only for themselves
" Heap'd up their treasures, deeming all their wealth
" Their own, and given to them, by partial Heaven,
" To bless them only: therefore here they sit,
" Possessed of gold enough, and by no pain
" Tormented, save the knowledge of the bliss
" They lost, and vain repentance. Here they dwell,
" Loathing these useless treasures, till the hour
" Of general restitution."

Thence they past,

And now arriv'd at such a gorgeous dome,
As even the pomp of eastern opulence
Could never equal: wandered thro' its halls
A numerous train; some with the red-swoln eye
Of riot, and intemperance-bloated cheek;
Some pale and nerveless, and with feeble step,
And eyes lack-lustre.

"Maiden!" said her guide,
"These are the wretched slaves of Appetite,
"Curst with their wish enjoyed. The epicure
"Here pampers his foul frame, till the pall'd sense
"Loathes at the banquet; the voluptuous here
"Plunge in the tempting torrent of delight,
"And sink in misery. All they wish'd on earth,
"Possessing here, whom have they to accuse
"But their own folly, for the lot they chose?
"Yet, for that these injur'd themselves alone,
"They to the house of Penitence may hie,
"And, by a long and painful regimen,
"To wearied Nature her exhausted powers

"Restore, till they shall learn to form the wish
" Of wisdom, and Almighty Goodness grants
" That prize to him who seeks it."
Whilst he spake,
The board is spread. With bloated paunch, and eye
Fat-swoln, and legs whose monstrous size disgraced
The human form divine, their caterer,
Hight Gluttony, set forth the smoaking feast.
And by his side came on a brother form,
With fiery cheek of purple hue, and red
And scurfy-white, mix'd motley; his gross bulk,
Like some huge hogshead shapen'd, as applied.
Him had antiquity with mystic rites
Ador'd; to him the sons of Greece, and thine
Imperial Rome, on many an altar pour'd
The victim blood, with godlike titles graced,
Bacchus, or Dionusus; son of Jove,
Deem'd falsely, for from Folly's ideot form
He sprung, what time Madness, with furious hand,
Seiz'd on the laughing female. At one birth

She brought the brethren, menial here below,
Tho' sovereigns upon earth, where oft they hold
High revels: mid the monastery's gloom,
Thy palace Gluttony, and oft to thee
The sacrifice is spread, when the grave voice
Episcopal, proclaims approaching day
Of visitation, or churchwardens meet
To save the wretched many from the gripe
Of poverty, or mid thy ample halls
Of London, mighty mayor! rich aldermen,
Of coming feast hold converse.

Otherwhere,
For tho' allied in nature as in blood,
They hold divided sway, his brother lifts
His spungy sceptre. In the noble domes
Of princes, and state-wearied ministers,
Maddening he reigns; and when the affrighted mind
Casts o'er a long career of guilt and blood
Its eye reluctant, then his aid is sought
To lull the worm of conscience to repose.

He too the halls of country squires frequents,
But chiefly loves the learned gloom that shades
Thy offspring Rhedycina! and thy walls,
Granta! nightly libations there to him
Profuse are pour'd, till from the dizzy brain
Triangles, circles, parallelograms,
Moods, tenses, dialects, and demigods,
And logic and theology are swept
By the red deluge.

Unmolested there
He revels; till the general feast comes round,
The sacrifice septennial, when the sons
Of England meet, with watchful care to chuse
Their delegates, wise, independent men,
Unbribing and unbribed, and chosen to guard
Their rights and charters from the encroaching grasp
Of greedy power; then all the joyful land
Join in his sacrifices, so inspir'd
To make the important choice.

The observing Maid

Address'd her guide, " These, Theodore, thou sayest
" Are men, who pampering their foul appetites,
" Injured themselves alone. But where are they,
" The worst of villains, viper-like, who coil
" Around the guileless female, so to sting
" The heart that loves them?"
" Them," the spirit replied,
" A long and dreadful punishment awaits.
" For when the prey of want, and infamy,
" Lower and lower still the victim sinks,
" Even to the depth of shame, not one lewd word,
" One impious imprecation from her lips
" Escapes, nay not a thought of evil lurks
" In the polluted mind, that does not plead
" Before the throne of justice, thunder-tongued
" Against the foul seducer."
Now they reach'd
The house of Penitence. Credulity
Stood at the gate, stretching her eager head
As tho' to listen; on her vacant face,

A smile that promis'd premature assent;
Tho' her Regret behind, a meagre fiend,
Disciplin'd sorely.
Here they enter'd in,
And now arriv'd where, as in study tranced,
They saw the mistress of the dome. Her face
Spake that composed severity, that knows
No angry impulse, no weak tenderness,
Resolved and calm. Before her lay that book,
Which hath the words of life; and as she read,
Sometimes a tear would trickle down her cheek,
Tho' heavenly joy beam'd in her eye the while.

Leaving her undisturb'd, to the first ward
Of this great lazar-house, the angel led
The favour'd Maid of Orleans. Kneeling down
On the hard stone which their bare knees had worn,
In sackcloth robed, a numerous train appear'd:
Hard-featured some, and some demurely grave;
Yet such expression stealing from the eye,

As tho', that only naked, all the rest
Was one close fitting mask. A scoffing fiend,
For fiend he was, tho' wisely serving here,
Mock'd at his patients, and did often pour
Ashes upon them, and then bid them say
Their prayers aloud, and then he louder laughed:
For these were hypocrites, on earth rever'd
As holy ones, who did in public tell
Their beads, and make long prayers, and cross themselves,
And call themselves most miserable sinners,
That so they might be deem'd most pious saints:
And go all filth, and never let a smile
Rend their stern muscles; gloomy, sullen men,
Barren of all affection, and all this
To please their God, forsooth! and therefore Scorn
Grinn'd at his patients, making them repeat
Their solemn farce, with keenest raillery
Tormenting; but if earnest in their prayer,
They pour'd the silent sorrows of the soul

To heaven, then did they not regard his mocks
Which then came painless, and Humility
Soon rescued them, and led to Penitence,
That she might lead to heaven.
From thence they came,
Where, in the next ward, a most wretched band
Groan'd underneath the bitter tyranny
Of a fierce dæmon. His coarse hair was red,
Pale grey his eyes, and blood-shot; and his face
Wrinkled by such a smile as Malice wears
In ecstacy. Well-pleased he went around,
Plunging his dagger in the hearts of some,
Or probing with a poison'd lance their breasts,
Or placing coals of fire within their wounds;
Or seizing some within his mighty grasp,
He fix'd them on a stake, and then drew back
And laugh'd to see them writhe.
"These," said the spirit,
"Are taught by Cruelty, to loath the lives
"They led themselves. Here are those wicked men

" Who loved to exercise their tyrant power
" On speechless brutes; bad husbands undergo
" A long purgation here; the traffickers
" In human flesh here too are disciplined,
" Till by their suffering they have equall'd all
" The miseries they inflicted, all the mass
" Of wretchedness caused by the wars they waged,
" The villages they burnt, the widows left
" In want, the slave or led to suicide,
" Or murdered by the foul infected air
" Of his close dungeon, or more sad than all,
" His virtue lost, his very soul enslaved,
" And driven by woe to wickedness.

" These next,
" Whom thou beholdest in this dreary room,
" So sullen, and with such an eye of hate
" Each on the other scowling, these have been
" False friends. Tormented by their own dark thoughts
" Here they dwell: in the hollow of their hearts

" There is a worm that feeds, and tho' thou seest
" That skilful leech who willingly would heal
" The ill they suffer, judging of all else
" By their own evil standard, they suspect
" The aid he vainly proffers, lengthening thus
" By vice its punishment."

" But who are these,"
The Maid exclaim'd, " that robed in flowing lawn,
" And mitred, or in scarlet, and in caps
" Like cardinals, I see in every ward,
" Performing menial service at the beck
" Of all who bid them?"

Theodore replied,
" These men are they who in the name of Christ
" Have heap'd up wealth, and arrogating power,
" Have made men bow the knee, and call'd themselves
" Most reverend graces and right reverend lords.
" They dwelt in palaces, in purple clothed,
" And in fine linen: therefore are they here;
" And though they would not minister on earth,

" Here penanced they perforce must minister:
" Did not the Holy One of Nazareth,
" Tell them, his kingdom is not of the world?"

So saying, on they past, and now arrived
Where such a hideous ghastly groupe abode,
That the Maid gazed with half-averting eye,
And shudder'd: each one was a loathly corpse,
The worm did banquet on his putrid prey,
Yet had they life and feeling exquisite
Tho' motionless and mute.

" Most wretched men
" Are these," the angel cried. " These, *JOAN*, are bards
" Whose loose lascivious lays perpetuated
" Their own corruption. Soul-polluted slaves,
" Who sate them down, deliberately lewd,
" So to awake and pamper lust in minds
" Unborn; and therefore foul of body now
" As then they were of soul, they here abide

" Long as the evil works they left on earth
" Shall live to taint mankind. A dreadful doom!
" Yet amply merited by that bad man
" Who prostitutes the sacred gift of song!"

And now they reach'd a huge and massy pile,
Massy it seem'd, and yet in every blast
As to its ruin shook. There, porter fit,
Remorse for ever his sad vigils kept.
Pale, hollow-eyed, emaciate, sleepless wretch,
Inly he groan'd, or, starting, wildly shriek'd,
Aye as the fabric tottering from its base,
Threatened its fall, and so expectant still
Lived in the dread of danger still delayed.
They enter'd there a large and lofty dome,
O'er whose black marble sides a dim drear light
Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp.
Enthroned around, the murderers of mankind,
Monarchs, the great! the glorious! the august!
Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire,

Sat stern and silent. Nimrod, he was there,
First king the mighty hunter; and that chief
Who did belie his mother's fame, that so
He might be called young Ammon. In this court
Cæsar was crown'd, accurst liberticide;
And he who murdered Tully, that cold villain,
Octavius, tho' the courtly minion's lyre
Hath hymn'd his praise, tho' Maro sung to him,
And when death levelled to original clay
The royal carcase, Flattery, fawning low,
Fell at his feet, and worshipped the new god.
Titus was here, the conqueror of the Jews,
He the delight of human-kind misnamed;
Cæsars and Soldans, emperors and kings,
Here they were all, all who for glory fought,
Here in the court of glory, reaping now
The meed they merited.
As gazing round
The virgin mark'd the miserable train,
A deep and hollow voice from one went forth;

" Thou who art come to view our punishment,
" Maiden of Orleans! hither turn thine eye,
" For I am he whose bloody victories
" Thy power hath rendered vain. Lo! I am here,
" The hero conqueror of Agincourt,
" Henry of England!—wretched that I am,
" I might have reigned in happiness and peace,
" My coffers full, my subjects undisturb'd,
" And Plenty and Prosperity had loved
" To dwell amongst them: but mine eye beheld
" The realm of France, by faction tempest-torn
" And therefore I did think that it would fall
" An easy prey. I persecuted those
" Who taught new doctrines, tho' they taught the truth:
" And when I heard of thousands by the sword
" Cut off, or blasted by the pestilence,
" I calmly counted up my proper gains,
" And sent new herds to slaughter. Temperate
" Myself, no blood that mutinied, no vice

" Tainting my private life, I sent abroad
" Murder and Rape; and therefore am I doom'd,
" Like these imperial sufferers, crown'd with fire,
" Here to remain, till man's awaken'd eye
" Shall see the genuine blackness of our deeds,
" And warn'd by them, till the whole human race,
" Equalling in bliss the aggregate we caus'd
" Of wretchedness, shall form one brotherhood,
" One universal family of love."

THE VISION

OF

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE maiden, musing on the warrior's words,
Turn'd from the hall of glory. Now they reach'd
A cavern, at whose mouth a genius stood,
In front a beardless youth, whose smiling eye
Beam'd promise, but behind, withered and old,
And all unlovely. Underneath his feet
Lay records trampled, and the laurel wreath
Now rent and faded: in his hand he held
An hour-glass, and as fall the restless sands,
So pass the lives of men. By him they past

Along the darksome cave, and reach'd a stream,
Still rolling onward its perpetual waves,
Noiseless and undisturb'd. Here they ascend
A bark unpiloted, that down the flood,
Borne by the current, rush'd. The circling stream,
Returning to itself, an island form'd;
Nor had the Maiden's footsteps ever reach'd
The insulated coast, eternally
Rapt round the endless course; but Theodore
Drove with an angel's will the obedient bark.

They land; a mighty fabric meets their eyes,
Seen by it's gem-born light. Of adamant
The pile was fram'd, for ever to abide
Firm in eternal strength. Before the gate
Stood eager Expectation, as to list
The half-heard murmurs issuing from within,
Her mouth half-open'd, and her head stretch'd forth.
On the other side there stood an aged crone,
Listening to every breath of air; she knew

Vague suppositions and uncertain dreams,
Of what was soon to come, for she would mark
The little glow-worm's self-created light,
And argue thence of kingdoms overthrown,
And desolated nations; ever fill'd
With undetermin'd terror, as she heard
Or distant screech-owl, or the regular beat
Of evening death-watch.

"Maid," the spirit cried,
"Here, robed in shadows, dwells Futurity.
"There is no eye hath seen her secret form,
"For round the Mother of Time, eternal mists
"Hover. If thou would'st read the book of fate,
"Go in!"

The damsel for a moment paus'd,
Then to the angel spake: "All-gracious heaven!
"Benignant in withholding, hath denied
"To man that knowledge. I, in faith assured,
"That he, my heavenly Father, for the best
"Ordaineth all things, in that faith remain

" Contented."

" Well and wisely hast thou said,"
So Theodore replied; " and now O Maid!
" Is there amid this boundless universe
" One whom thy soul would visit? is there place
" To memory dear, or visioned out by hope,
" Where thou would'st now be present? form the wish,
" And I am with thee, there."

His closing speech
Yet sounded on her ear, and lo! they stood
Swift as the sudden thought that guided them,
Within the little cottage that she loved.
" He sleeps! the good man sleeps!" enrapt she cried,
As bending o'er her uncle's lowly bed
Her eye retraced his features. " See the beads
" Which never morn nor night he fails to tell,
" Remembering me, his child, in every prayer.
" Oh! quiet be thy sleep, thou dear old man!
" Good angels guard thy rest! and when thine hour

" Is come, as gently mayest thou wake to life,
" As when thro' yonder lattice the next sun
" Shall bid thee to thy morning orisons!"

" Thy voice is heard," the angel guide rejoin'd,
" He sees thee in his dreams, he hears thee breathe
" Blessings, and happy is the good man's rest.
" Thy fame has reach'd him, for who has not heard
" Thy wonderous exploits? and his aged heart
" Hath felt the deepest joy that ever yet
" Made his glad blood flow fast. Sleep on old Claude!
" Peaceful, pure spirit, be thy sojourn here,
" And short and soon thy passage to that world
" Where friends shall part no more!
" Does thy soul own
" No other wish? or sleeps poor Madelon
" Forgotten in her grave?... Seest thou yon star,"
The spirit pursued, regardless of her eye
That look'd reproach; " seest thou that evening star
" Whose lovely light so often we beheld
" From yonder woodbine porch? how have we gazed

" Into the dark deep sky, till the baffled soul,
" Lost in the infinite, return'd, and felt
" The burthen of her bodily load, and yearn'd
" For freedom! Maid, in yonder evening star
" Lives thy departed friend. I read that glance,
" And we are there!"

He said, and they had past
The immeasureable space.

Then on her ear
The lonely song of adoration rose,
Sweet as the cloister'd virgins vesper hymn,
Whose spirit, happily dead to earthly hopes,
Already lives in heaven. Abrupt the song
Ceas'd, tremulous and quick a cry
Of joyful wonder rous'd the astonish'd Maid,
And instant Madelon was in her arms;
No airy form, no unsubstantial shape,
She felt her friend, she prest her to her heart,
Their tears of rapture mingled.

She drew back

And eagerly she gazed on Madelon,
Then fell upon her neck again and wept.
No more she saw the long-drawn lines of grief,
The emaciate form, the hue of sickliness,
The languid eye: youth's loveliest freshness now
Mantled her cheek, whose every lineament
Bespake the soul at rest, a holy calm,
A deep and full tranquillity of bliss.

"Thou then art come, my first and dearest friend!"
The well known voice of Madelon began,
"Thou then art come! and was thy pilgrimage
"So short on earth? and was it painful too,
"Painful and short as mine? but blessed they
"Who from the crimes and miseries of the world
"Early escape!"
"Nay," Theodore replied,
"She hath not yet fulfill'd her mortal work.
"Permitted visitant from earth she comes
"To see the seat of rest, and oftentimes

" In sorrow shall her soul remember this,
" And, patient of her transitory woe,
" Partake the anticipated peace again."
" Soon be that work perform'd!" the Maid exclaimed,
" O Madelon! O Theodore! my soul,
" Spurning the cold communion of the world,
" Will dwell with you! but I shall patiently,
" Yea even with joy, endure the allotted ills
" Of which the memory in this better state
" Shall heighten bliss. That hour of agony,
" When, Madelon, I felt thy dying grasp,
" And from thy forehead wiped the dews of death,
" The very horrors of that hour assume
" A shape that now delights."
" O earliest friend!
" I too remember," Madelon replied,
" That hour, thy looks of watchful agony,
" The suppress grief that struggled in thine eye
" Endearing love's last kindness. Thou did'st know
" With what a deep and melancholy joy

" I felt the hour draw on : but who can speak
" The unutterable transport, when mine eyes,
" As from a long and dreary dream, unclosed
" Amid this peaceful vale, unclos'd upon
" My Arnaud! he had built me up a bower,
" A bower of rest.—See, Maiden, where he comes,
" His manly lineaments, his beaming eye
" The same, but now a holier innocence
" Sits on his cheek, and loftier thoughts illume
" The enlighten'd glance."

They met, what joy was theirs
He best can feel, who for a dear friend dead
Hath wet the midnight pillow with his tears.

Fair was the scene around; an ample vale
Whose mountain circle at the distant verge
Lay soften'd on the sight; the near ascent
Rose bolder up, in part abrupt and bare,
Part with the ancient majesty of woods
Adorn'd, or lifting high its rocks sublime.

The river's liquid radiance roll'd beneath,
Beside the bower of Madelon it wound
A broken stream, whose shallows, tho' the waves
Roll'd on their way with rapid melody,
A child might tread. Behind, an orange grove
Its gay green foliage starr'd with golden fruit;
But with what odours did their blossoms load
The passing gale of eve! less thrilling sweet
Rose from the marble's perforated floor,
Where kneeling at her prayers, the Moorish queen
Inhaled the cool delight, and whilst she ask'd
The prophet for his promised paradise,
Shap'd from the present scene its utmost joys.
A goodly scene! fair as that faery land
Where Arthur lives, by ministering spirits borne
From Camlan's bloody banks; or as the groves
Of earliest Eden, where, so legends say,
Enoch abides, and he who rapt away
By fiery steeds, and chariotted in fire,
Past in his mortal form the eternal ways;

And John, beloved of Christ, enjoying there
The beatific vision, sometimes seen
The distant dawning of eternal day,
Till all things be fulfilled.

" Survey this scene!"
So Theodore address'd the Maid of Arc,
" There is no evil here, no wretchedness,
" It is the heaven of those who nurst on earth
" Their nature's gentlest feelings. Yet not here
" Centering their joys, but with a patient hope,
" Waiting the allotted hour when capable
" Of loftier callings, to a better state
" They pass; and hither from that better state
" Frequent they come, preserving so those ties
" Which thro' the infinite progressiveness
" Complete our perfect bliss.

" Even such, so blest,
" Save that the memory of no sorrows past
" Heighten'd the present joy, our world was once,
" In the first æra of its innocence

" Ere man had learnt to bow the knee to man.
" Was there a youth whom warm affection fill'd,
" He spake his honest heart; the earliest fruits
" His toil produced, the sweetest flowers that deck'd
" The sunny bank, he gather'd for the maid,
" Nor she disdain'd the gift; for Vice not yet
" Had burst the dungeons of her hell, and rear'd
" Those artificial boundaries that divide
" Man from his species. State of blessedness!
" Till that ill-omen'd hour when Cain's stern son
" Delv'd in the bowels of the earth for gold,
" Accursed bane of virtue, .. of such force
" As poets feign dwelt in the Gorgon's locks,
" Which whoso saw, felt instant the life-blood
" Cold curdle in his veins, the creeping flesh
" Grew stiff with horror, and the heart forgot
" To beat. Accursed hour! for man no more
" To Justice paid his homage, but forsook
" Her altars, and bow'd down before the shrine
" Of Wealth and Power, the idols he had made.

" Then hell enlarged herself, her gates flew wide,
" Her legion fiends rush'd forth. Oppression came,
" Whose frown is desolation, and whose breath
" Blasts like the pestilence; and Poverty,
" A meagre monster, who with withering touch
" Makes barren all the better part of man,
" Mother of Miseries. Then the goodly earth
" Which God had fram'd for happiness, became
" One theatre of woe, and all that God
" Had given to bless free men, these tyrant fiends
" His bitterest curses made. Yet for the best
" Hath he ordained all things, the All-wise!
" For by experience rous'd shall man at length
" Dash down his Moloch-idols, Samson-like,
" And burst his fetters, only strong while he
" Fears for their strength. Then in the deep abyss
" Oppression shall be chain'd, and Poverty
" Die, and with her, her brood of miseries;
" And Virtue and Equality preserve
" The reign of Love, and earth shall once again

" Be paradise, where Wisdom shall secure
" The state of bliss which Ignorance betrayed."

" Oh age of happiness!" the Maid exclaim'd,
" Roll fast thy current, Time, till that blest age
" Arrive! and happy thou my Theodore,
" Permitted thus to see the sacred depths
" Of wisdom!"
" Such," the blessed spirit replied,
" Beloved! such our lot; allowed to range
" The vast infinity, progressive still
" In knowledge and increasing blessedness,
" This our united portion. Thou hast yet
" A little while to sojourn amongst men:
" I will be with thee! there shall not a breeze
" Wanton around thy temples, on whose wing
" I will not hover near! and at that hour
" When from its fleshly sepulchre let loose,
" Thy phœnix soul shall soar, O best-beloved!
" I will be with thee in thine agonies,

" And welcome thee to life and happiness,
" Eternal infinite beatitude!"

He spake, and led her near a straw-roof'd cot,
Love's palace. By the virtues circled there,
The cherub listen'd to such melodies,
As aye, when one good deed is register'd
Above, re-echo in the halls of heaven.
Labour was there, his crisp locks floating loose,
Clear was his cheek, and beaming his full eye,
And strong his arm robust; the wood-nymph Health
Still follow'd on his path, and where he trod
Fresh flowers and fruits arose. And there was Hope,
The general friend; and Pity, whose mild eye
Wept o'er the widow'd dove: and, loveliest form,
Majestic Chastity, whose sober smile
Delights and awes the soul; a laurel wreath
Restrain'd her tresses, and upon her breast
The snow-drop hung its head, that seem'd to grow
Spontaneous, cold and fair: still by the maid

Love went submiss, with eye more dangerous
Than fancied basilisk to wound whoe'er
Too bold approached; yet anxious would he read
Her every rising wish, then only pleased
When pleasing. Hymning him the song was rais'd.

" Glory to thee whose vivifying power
" Pervades all Nature's universal frame!
" Glory to thee Creator Love! to thee,
" Parent of all the smiling Charities,
" That strew the thorny path of life with flowers!
" Glory to thee Preserver! To thy praise
" The awakened woodlands echo all the day
" Their living melody; and warbling forth
" To thee her twilight song, the nightingale
" Holds the lone traveller from his way, or charms
" The listening poet's ear. Where Love shall deign
" To fix his seat, there blameless Pleasure sheds
" Her roseate dews; Content will sojourn there,
" And Happiness behold Affection's eye

" Gleam with the mother's smile. Thrice happy he
" Who feels thy holy power! he shall not drag,
" Forlorn and friendless, along life's long path
" To age's drear abode; he shall not waste
" The bitter evening of his days unsooth'd;
" But Hope shall cheer his hours of solitude,
" And Vice shall vainly strive to wound his breast,
" That bears that talisman; and when he meets
" The eloquent eye of Tenderness, and hears
" The bosom-thrilling music of her voice,
" The joy he feels shall purify his soul,
" And imp it for anticipated heaven."

NOTES.

NOTES.

Page 201.—*Passive faculty.*

MAY says of Serapis,

Erudit at placide humanam per somnia mentem,
Nocturnâque quiete docet; nulloque labore
Hic tantum parta est pretiosa scientia, nullo
Excutitur studio verum. Mortalia corda
Tunc Deus iste docet, cum sunt minus apta doceri,
Cum nullum obsequium præstant, meritisque fatentur
Nil sese debere suis; tunc recta scientes
Cum nil scire valent. Non illo tempore sensus
Humanos forsan dignatur numen inire,
Cum propriis possunt per se discursibus uti,
Ne forte humanâ ratio divina coiret.

Sup Lucani.

Page 202.—*And all things* are *that* seem.

I have met with a singular tale to illustrate this spiritual theory of dreams.

Guntrum, king of the Franks, was liberal to the poor, and he himself experienced the wonderful effects of divine liberality. For one day as he was hunting in a

forest he was separated from his companions, and arrived at a little stream of water with only one comrade of tried and approved fidelity. Here he found himself oppressed by drowsiness, and reclining his head upon the servant's lap went to sleep. The servant witnessed a wonderful thing, for he saw a little beast creep out of the mouth of his sleeping master, and go immediately to the streamlet, which it vainly attempted to cross. The servant drew his sword and laid it across the water, over which the little beast easily past and crept into a hole of a mountain on the opposite side; from whence it made its appearance again in an hour, and returned by the same means into the king's mouth. The king then awakened, and told his companion that he had dreamt that he was arrived upon the bank of an immense river, which he had crossed by a bridge of iron, and from thence came to a mountain in which a great quantity of gold was concealed. When the king had concluded, the servant related what he had beheld, and they both went to examine the mountain, where upon digging they discovered an immense weight of gold.

I stumbled upon this tale in a book entitled SPHINX, *Theologico-Philosophica. Authore Johanne Heidfeldio, Ecclesiaste Ebersbachiano.* 1621.

The same story is in Matthew of Westminster; it is added that Guntrum applied the treasures thus found to pious uses.

For the truth of this theory there is the evidence of a monkish miracle. When Thurcillus was about to

follow St. Julian and visit the world of souls, his guide said to him, "let thy body rest in the bed, for thy spirit only is about to depart with me; and lest the body should appear dead, I will send into it a vital breath."

The body however by a strange sympathy was affected like the spirit; for when the foul and fetid smoke which arose from the tithes withheld on earth had nearly suffocated Thurcillus, and made him cough twice, those who were near his body said that it coughed twice about the same time.

Matthew Paris.

Page 213.—*An outcast forth.*

Werter.

Page 218.—*Or deeper sable died.*

These lines strongly resemble a passage in the Pharonnida of William Chamberlayne, a poet who has told an interesting story in uncouth rhymes, and mingled sublimity of thought and beauty of expression, with the quaintest conceits, and most awkward inversions.

On a rock more high
Than Nature's common surface, she beholds
The mansion house of Fate, which thus unfolds
Its sacred mysteries. A trine within
A quadrate placed, both these encompast in
A perfect circle was its form; but what
Its matter was, for us to wonder at,
Is undiscovered left. A tower there stands
At every angle, where Time's fatal hands

The impartial Parcæ dwell; i' the first she sees
Clotho the kindest of the Destinies,
From immaterial essences to cull
The seeds of life, and of them frame the wool
For Lachesis to spin; about her flie
Myriads of souls, that yet want flesh to lie
Warm'd with their functions in, whose strength bestows
That power by which man ripe for misery grows.

Her next of objects was that glorious tower
Where that swift-fingered nymph that spares no hour
From mortals' service, draws the various threads
Of life in several lengths; to weary beds
Of age extending some, whilst others in
Their infancy are broke: *some blackt in sin,*
Others, the favorites of Heaven, from whence
Their origin, candid with innocence;
Some purpled in afflictions, others dyed
In sanguine pleasures: some in glittering pride
Spun to adorn the earth, whilst others wear
Rags of deformity, but knots of care
No thread was wholly free from. Next to this
Fair glorious tower, was placed that black abyss
Of dreadful Atropos, the baleful seat
Of death and horrour, in each room repleat
With lazy damps, loud groans, and the sad sight
Of pale grim ghosts, those terrours of the night.
To this, the last stage that the winding clew
Of life can lead mortality unto,

Fear was the dreadful porter, which let in
All guests sent thither by destructive sin.

It is possible that I may have written from the recollection of this passage. The conceit is the same, and I willingly attribute it to Chamberlayne, a poet to whom I am indebted for many hours of delight.

Page 224.—*Shall the huge camel pass.*

I had originally written *cable* instead of *camel.* The alteration would not be worth noticing were it not for the circumstance which occasioned it. *Facilius elephas per foramen acus,* is among the Hebrew adages collected by Drusius; the same metaphor is found in two other Jewish proverbs, and this appears to determine the signification of καμηλος. Matt. 19. 24.

Page 225.—*Large draughts of molten gold.*

The same idea, and almost the same words are in one of Ford's plays. The passage is a very fine one:

Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,
Almost condemn'd alive! There is a place,
(List daughter!) in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires;
A lightless sulphur, choak'd with smoaky foggs
Of an infected darkness. In this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts

Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls
Roar without pity, there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders: there is burning oil
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat, *the usurer*
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,
Yet he can never die; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust.

'Tis Pity she's a Whore.

I wrote this passage when very young, and the idea, trite as it is, was new to me. It occurs I believe in most descriptions of hell, and perhaps owes its origin to the fate of Crassus.

Page 239.—*Titus was here.*

During the siege of Jerusalem, "the Roman commander, *with a generous clemency, that inseparable attendant on true heroism,* laboured incessantly, and to the very last moment, to preserve the place. With this view, he again and again intreated the tyrants to surrender and save their lives. With the same view also, after carrying the second wall the siege was intermitted four days: to rouse their fears, *prisoners, to the number of five hundred or more, were crucified daily before the walls; till space,* Josephus says, *was wanting for the crosses, and crosses for the captives.*"

Churton's Bampton Lectures.

If any of my readers should enquire why Titus Ves-

pasian, the delight of mankind, is placed in such a situation,—I answer, for this instance of "*his generous clemency, that inseparable attendant on true heroism!*"

Page 252.—*Inhaled the cool delight.*

In the cabinet of the Alhambra where the queen used to dress and say her prayers, and which is still an enchanting sight, there is a slab of marble full of small holes, through which perfumes exhaled that were kept constantly burning beneath. The doors and windows are disposed so as to afford the most agreeable prospects, and to throw a soft yet lively light upon the eyes. Fresh currents of air too are admitted, so as to renew every instant the delicious coolness of this apartment.

From the sketch of the History of the Spanish Moors, prefixed to Florian's Gonsalvo of Cordova.

Page 257.—*The snow-drop hung its head.*

"The grave matron does not perceive how time has impaired her charms, but decks her faded bosom with the same snow-drop that seems to grow on the breast of the virgin."

P. H.

THE END

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